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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

LITERATURE

Memoirs of Joseph Sturge. By Henry Richard. (Partridge & Co.)

THE Library of the Lives of Philanthropists would be incomplete without a memoir of Joseph Sturge, one of those men belonging to our middle class, who are the salt and the sinew of England,—not exempt from sectarian prejudice and human weakness, nevertheless earnest, beneficent and unselfish. His name will be associated with the names of Rathbone, Cropper, Gurney,—men, in their day, honourably illustrating the practice as well as the precepts of a singular body of Christians, who, with all their asceticism and with all their quietism, have come forth nobly and indefatigably in more than one great cause, when sickness and suffering could be dealt with, or religious liberty was to be vindicated.

Joseph Sturge was the fourth son of a respectable farmer and grazier living at Elberton, in Gloucestershire. His family had belonged to the Society of Friends almost ever since the days of its foundation. As a boy, he was remarkable for activity, and a certain sly humour which may be noted as characteristic of the sect, to whom most of the outlets to diversion common to the people of the world are barred; yet whose mirthful spirit is not to be stifled under the cloak of demureness. Though in some measure he may be said to have run wild, he enjoyed in youth the advantage, which nothing can replace, of being surrounded by home affection. The family seem, throughout life, to have been singularly united.

From an early period, by the side of his cheerfulness of spirit, a certain earnestness to be "up and doing" good, manifested itself. When, after having tried and tired of farming, Joseph Sturge established himself near Bewdley, as a corn-factor, with a sister for housekeeper, he drew out a scheme of life, in which moderation and active charity were to move hand in hand. For many years he was a poor man, fighting against the vicissitudes of business; yet, during these years, he always contrived to spare something considerable (his income taken into the account) for works of mercy. He was from the first, as to the last, a rigorous observer of the forms of discipline peculiar to the Society into which he was born; and cherished those scruples belonging to consistent Quakerism, which the world regards as in excess, and which some of us consider not wholesome, but rather dangerous as tending to suggest and encourage insincerity among persons of a weak nature. It was not so in his case. He was a single-hearted, honest man; one who, if narrow in many of his views, was willing to sacrifice profit for the sake of conscience. He allowed his farm to be swept of its sheep, because he would have nothing to do with the iniquity of War, as represented by militia service. At a later period of life, when he had embarked in the corn-trade, he gave up a lucrative branch of the business—the traffic in grain for malting,—because he had embraced the principle of total abstinence, and would not, ever so remotely, aid and abet the production of intoxicating liquors. So, again, when his establishment in Birmingham, his success in life, and his known probity, led to his taking a prominent share in municipal affairs, he never shrank from the assertion of a principle, under the dread of risking his popularity; but stood manfully up against the vanities of the Musical Festival, though the purpose of this, as we know, is in aid of an important charity,—listened to his

own oracle, no matter at what cost, in cases of elections, public meetings, and the like; having no disposition, the while, to hold back indolently or timidly from politics. It is true that such honesty and fearlessness did not, in his time, expose the Quakers to the ridicule and maltreatment which formerly awaited them. We cannot but recall, with honour to the sect, an instance belonging to the early days of the Anti-Slavery movement, when Clarkson was mobbed in the streets of Liverpool, at that time the head-quarters of the West India interest. There, at a public meeting, the one sound of sincere protest against the sale and barter of the blacks, was the feeble voice of a tongue-tied man, of small education and singularly limited intellect,—a rising silversmith, who scrupled not to endanger his prosperity and his limbs, if not his life, rather than withhold his testimony from what seemed to him terrible and ungodly proceedings.

To return:—a character so vigorous and so benevolent as the one traced, was sure to bring its possessor into prominent contact with those possessing kindred sympathies, and the record of Joseph Sturge's life is one of indefatigable labour in the cause of Negro Emancipation, Temperance, and Peace on Earth. We will not attempt to follow it step by step, the story of the several movements having been written and discussed again and again. One episode, however, relating to the protest against War, which the enthusiasts have so hopefully raised, may be dwelt on, illustrating, as it does, mortal inconsistency no less curiously than do the avowed sympathy and co-operation which the lovers of Peace, who would have momentous questions settled by the tongue and not the sword, have always shown for the refugee, even if he were a conspirator; for the agitator, though his aim must be the overthrow of tyrants by bloodshed.

No phenomenon in the history of the peaceable Society of Friends is more singular than the hankering which, of late years, its leading members have shown for intercourse with Russian royalties; founded, doubtless, on some singular prepossession that the Czars, who hold that Paradise of dainty devices, Siberia, who have ruled Poland with such oppressive humanity, and the consequences of whose benignity to Circassia are so notably displayed at the time being, were so many men and brethren yearning for peace and progress. A stranger delusion than such an opinion cherished and acted on, is not in the history of human enterprises. It is true, that, as Mr. Richard hints, what may be called the missionary efforts of the Society of Friends have always had a peculiar form and colour. In its early days, many honest people, accepted as ministers, conceived themselves inspired to go into "steeple houses," and there disturb the course of public worship by assaulting and insulting, with denunciations and prophecies, the hiring priests who preached and prayed in cassock, with head uncovered. Neither can any one familiar with the annals of the sect have forgotten how, once upon a time, a fervent female preacher fared forth with the reasonable purpose of converting the Grand Turk; nor how Catharine Evans and Sarah Cheevers, another accredited pair of female ministers, in requital of similar well-intentioned attempts at proselytism, were laid hold of, and "clapped up" in the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition, as a 'Brief History' sheweth. But that was a period when something of fanatical and irrational extravagance was, possibly, essential to the assertion of religious sincerity—a period the conditions of which do not belong

to our times of more widely-diffused knowledge. Thus, it seems hardly conceivable how those who, by their very position and pursuits, must have closely studied the political and social movements of the world, can have been led more than once into hallucinations so extraordinary as the one here dwelt on. We can only accept, in a very small degree, by way of solution, the fact, that Friends, despisers of pomps and vanities as they profess themselves to be, have habitually shown a curious, not an obsequious, desire to observe and to be noticed by the great ones of the earth. The attraction of the throne of Russia may, in part, be accounted for by the facility and courtesy to strangers, not incompatible with the hardest home-despotism such as the monarchs of the country have shown, even since the rude days of Peter the Great and Paul the Mad passed. When William Allen returned from one of his visits to the Emperor Alexander, he said to his brother and sister religionists, "He is one of us." But that the superstition should have penetrated one in many respects so shrewd and enlightened as Joseph Sturge, in many of his instincts and proceedings so openly and actively democratic, is, we repeat, curious in no common degree. Here are some passages recording how the deputation of Friends fared in 1854, when they took a winter journey to Russia with a hope of preventing the Crimean War:—

"2nd mo: 2.—Count Nesselrode had appointed to meet us at one, but sent us word that, in consequence of having business with the Emperor, he wished our interview postponed until half-past one. That he should thus send purposely to avoid keeping us waiting half-an-hour, we thought a rather striking mark of politeness. At the appointed hour we went, and having been shown through a long suite of rooms we were ushered into the count's private apartment, where he received us with great courtesy and affability. Joseph Sturge read the address to him, and some remarks were added. Count Nesselrode expressed his entire concurrence in the sentiments it contained, and his appreciation of the motives by which it was dictated. He said that the Emperor, who had been apprised of our arrival, would be quite willing to allow us to present the address in a private interview, and that we should be informed as soon as a suitable time could be fixed. He referred to the intercourse of the late Emperor Alexander with our friends William Allen and Thomas Shillito, and himself added a reference to Daniel Wheeler. We have no reason to doubt the entire sincerity of the count's expression of satisfaction with our visit, as we are informed on good authority that he is personally very much opposed to war. * * Count Nesselrode has requested his private secretary to accompany us to see the most remarkable sights in the city. * * As Count Nesselrode, who is Chancellor of the Empire, the highest office of the state, had specially appointed this gentleman to show us anything we might like to see, it would have been discourteous to refuse. We have been to-day to what is called 'The Hermitage,' which is attached to the Winter Palace, where the Emperor and his family now reside, though it does not actually form part of it. We have spent about three hours there, and as Henry Pease observed when we left, if we could describe the beauty and magnificence of the place, which it would be scarcely possible to do, our friends would consider it an exaggeration. Of course we could only take a cursory view, though we probably walked a mile or more through galleries and rooms fitted up in the most costly, and at the same time the most chaste style. Some are devoted to medals and coins, chiefly of gold or silver, and arranged according to the different countries to which they belong; others to statues ancient and modern; but the greater proportion to pictures, different rooms being set apart for the artists of different nations. But what, perhaps, strikes most is the costly character of the furniture

of the different suites of rooms, the richness and highly-polished finish of the multitude of Italian marble pillars, generally of one single block, the beauty of the ceilings, &c. We are becoming rather unpleasantly objects of curiosity, and as it will get out that the Chancellor of the Empire has received us cordially, and the Emperor has determined to receive the address, we shall become more so, and we shall be anxious to get out of the way as soon as we possibly can. * * * At the appointed hour we repaired to the palace, and were received by the Emperor at a private interview, no one else being present excepting Baron Nicolay, who acted as interpreter, the Emperor speaking in French. After the address had been read by Joseph Sturge, and presented to the Emperor, the latter asked us to be seated on a sofa, while he took a chair, and entered into free conversation, kindly giving us a full opportunity for making any verbal statement that we might wish to offer. Joseph Sturge then proceeded to give expression to what had rested on his mind, not entering into the political matters involved in the dispute, but confining himself to the moral and religious aspects of the question. In the course of his observations he contrasted the Mohammedan religion (professed by the Turks), which avowedly justifies the employment of the sword, with the religion of Him whose reign was to be emphatically one of peace. He also remarked that among the multitude who would be the victims, in the event of a European war, the greatest sufferers would probably be, not those who had caused the war, but innocent men, with their wives and children. On our thanking the Emperor for the kind reception he had given us, J. Sturge said, with much feeling, that although we should probably never see him again on this side of eternity, we wished him to know that there were those in England who desired his temporal and spiritual welfare as sincerely as his own subjects—when the Emperor shook hands with each of us very cordially, and, with eyes moistened with emotion, turned hastily away (apparently to conceal his feelings), saying, 'My wife also wishes to see you.' We were accordingly ushered into the Empress's apartment, where we spent a short time in conversation with her and her daughter, the Grand-Duchess Olga, both of whom spoke English pretty well. The Empress said to us, 'I have just seen the Emperor; the tears were in his eyes.' * * * The Baron told us that the Emperor had concluded to send a reply, addressed especially to the Friends who had deputed us to bring the address, which would be signed on his behalf by the Chancellor of the Empire, and as this would be the official document, the other would be for private use only. That the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the widowed daughter of the Emperor, who has been lately in England, and who with her young children lives in a palace by herself, wished to see us at half-past twelve o'clock on third day (Tuesday) and that to make up for this loss of our time, Count Nesselrode would send a courier before us to facilitate our change of horses, &c. That at this interview, he intimated, we should probably see other members of the royal family, including the Heir Apparent and the Grand-Duke Constantine. We of course agreed to this arrangement, and shall hardly get off before six o'clock to-morrow night. 'We called,' says Mr. Charleton, 'at the palace of the Grand-Duchess, as proposed. But here our reception was very different from what it had been a few days before at the Imperial Palace. Instead of the earnest and cordial manner of the Emperor and Empress, the Grand-Duchess received us with merely formal politeness. Her sorrowful air, and the depressed look of the gentleman in waiting, made it evident to us that a great change had come over the whole aspect of affairs. Nor were we at a loss to account for this change. The mail from England had arrived, with newspapers giving an account of the opening of parliament and of the intensely warlike speeches in the House of Commons.'

It would seem from the above that the world is desired to believe that the deputation might have succeeded—nay, was on the fair way so to do—had not Parliament and the news-

papers interfered by taking another tone in the matter. It was well that those who had, in the cause of a benevolent principle, undergone severe personal fatigue at an inclement season should comfort themselves for failure by the simplicity of such a persuasion; but in the simplicity there was no small leaven of mortal vanity.

For other details the reader must be referred to this bulky but interesting volume, the leading points of which have been touched. We shall merely add, that Joseph Sturge was twice married, that he died at an advanced age, in easy circumstances, and rich in the esteem of some of the best and worthiest of his countrymen. His townsmen thronged to his funeral, and also many persons of note from a distance. Funeral sermons were preached on the occasion, and (a rare honour to a Quaker, who, till lately, was forbidden by the ordinances of his sect even a memorial tombstone, and slept under a mound of turf,) a statue of him has been erected on the Edgbaston Road, hard by the field which he bought to serve as a playground for the children and working people of Birmingham.

The Competition Wallah. By G. O. Trevelyan. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, with Corrections and Additions. (Macmillan & Co.)

WHEN it pleased the Government to send down a Commission, of which Macaulay was president, to inquire into the expediency of retaining Haileybury College, the result could not be doubtful. The man who, in the well-known Minute of the 2nd of February, 1835, had spoken so contemptuously of Oriental studies, and had mis-spelt and abolished the Madrasah and the Sanskrit College at Calcutta, was not likely to show favour to the College in Hertfordshire, where Eastern languages formed such an important part of the curriculum. So the College fell, and no one, while it yet existed, cared to inquire whether or not the course of study might not have been altered and the institution retained. There was to be no more patronage, and civilians were henceforth to be, and to be called, "Competition Wallahs," or "Competition Chaps," on the chap or cheap system. Few, perhaps, will deny that the new men would not have been the better for a little Indian training before going to India, in a special college set apart for their instruction. The author of these letters is one of those who approve the idea of an East Indian College, not, however, it would seem, on the ground of the advantage of special training, but to revive the "sense of brotherhood" which existed among the scholars of Haileybury, and to correct the "pedantic, unpractical turn of mind, or sedentary, effeminate habits of body," which, we infer, he regards as characteristic of the Competition Wallahs. Now he insists so sensibly on the value of that *esprit de corps* which distinguished the Haileybury civilians, while admitting its drawback, that we must quote his words before proceeding to show that this ground for the retention of an Indian college is altogether inferior in importance to that other ground of special training. He writes:—

"The sensation of loneliness is much aggravated by the present system of selecting and training the members of the Indian Civil Service. In old days a Writer came out in company with a score of men who had passed the last two years of their English life in the same quadrangle as himself. He found as many more already comfortably settled, and prepared to welcome and assist their fellow collegian; and, in his turn, he looked forward to receiving and initiating a fresh batch at the end of

another six months. Haileybury formed a tie which the vicissitudes of official life could never break. In the swamps of Dacca, in the deserts of Rajpootana, amidst the ravines and jungles where the Khoond and the Santhal offer an intermittent but spirited opposition to the advance of civilization and the permanent settlement, wherever two Haileybury men met they had at least one set of associations in common. What matter if one wore the frock-coat of the Board of Revenue, while the other sported the jack-boots and solah topee of the Mofussil Commissioner? What matter though Brown swore by the Contract Law and Sir Mordaunt Wells, while Robinson was suspected of having lent a sly hand in pushing about the Nil Durpan? Had they not rowed together on the Lea? Had they not larked together in Hertford? Had they not shared that abundant harvest of medals which rewarded the somewhat moderate exertions of the reading-man at the East Indian College? This strong *esprit de corps* had its drawbacks. The interests of the country were too often postponed to the interests of the service. But the advantages of Haileybury outweighed the defects."

This is true enough; but whether the body of civilians fraternize well together, or not, is surely a question inferior to that of the general treatment of the natives of India by the dominant race. Mr. Trevelyan admits this himself, for he says: "My most earnest desire and most cherished ambition is to induce Englishmen at home to take a lively and effective interest in the native population of their Eastern dominions." He does not, however, see how deadly a blow the abolition of special training and Oriental studies struck at this object, for which he professes himself so much interested. What was it that engendered those kindly feelings towards the natives in the breasts of the old Company's officers, whether civilian or military, of which the Competition Wallah speaks with such admiration? Obviously it was the special training, the study of Oriental languages, manners and literature—the study, in fact, of the native himself, and of that which interested him. The less we know of people, the less we care about them, and the more likely we are to imbibe from any quarter prejudices against them. We see this carried to a burlesque yet terrible extreme in the case of the English regiments sent out during the mutinies, "who saw a probable murderer, and an undoubted subject for 'loot' in every 'Moor' who came in their way," and who were vexed at not being allowed to slaughter the poor coolies and others, who lay on the beach at Bombay. It is unnecessary to dwell on this subject. An essay might be written upon it, but it is sufficient here to remark that in this, the main object for which these letters were written, the author's views are rather superficial, and the same observation will be found to apply to them generally.

In point of fact, it would be unfair to expect from Mr. Trevelyan, after his brief sojourn in Hindustán, anything beyond amusing first impressions. He is clever and observant; and we must be content to be entertained without being instructed. His words tinkle pleasantly, but they have not the clear, full ring of the sterling coin of knowledge. Take, for example, his remarks on Sir C. Wood's modifications of Lord Canning's Resolutions for the Sale of Waste Lands:—

"Here, again, a grievance actually exists, which will doubtless be speedily removed, and which would have been removed long before this if the aggrieved parties had made their complaint in a rational and intelligible strain, instead of scolding like old women whenever the subject is mentioned. By the Modified Resolutions lands cannot be sold until they have been surveyed, and the Government survey proceeds so slowly that persons who desire to purchase certain lots get those lots sur-

veyed at their own expense. It sometimes happens that, at the auction, another capitalist outbids them, and the expense of the survey thus becomes a dead loss. This oversight on the part of the Government is, however, hardly grave enough to justify the non-official society in joining the crusade of the land-jobbers against the home authorities. When men are blinded by their passions, it is marvellous how low they will stoop for allies."

These observations show that the author is still far from a sound view of the immense importance of the occupation of waste lands by men with capital, especially Europeans. So far from clogging the sale with conditions, it would be almost advisable to encourage settlers by offering them rewards. India has absorbed some two hundred millions of silver, the greater part of which lies hoarded and unfructifying. Could the natives be induced to expend their treasures in cultivating fresh acres, the rapid progress of their country during these last few years would be accelerated in a way quite magical. There is good land and to spare for all buyers: let there be no grievances, then, to deter any capitalist from an investment so beneficial to the State as the purchase of waste lands, no complaints that the auctioneer's hammer has robbed a *bonâ fide* applicant of the land he has had surveyed at his own expense, and given it to a jobbing speculator.

In minor matters there are many mistakes in these pages. Thus, in the eighth letter, there is a pseudo-communication, which is spoken of as if it were genuine, though no "veterator" would be deceived by it. In the same letter there is a joke about Tolly's Nullah, which would not have been perpetrated by one acquainted with the languages. In the same way, the word "Budart" is used again and again instead of *Bad-zât*, as though one should write "Apollor" and "Ask Mammarr." In a very amusing passage, at page 186, there is a blunder in the word *bahinâ*, which no "young gentleman, who had been pronounced 'satisfactory' in Urdû would make." At p. 372, there is rather a serious error in giving the Indian Revenue at so many millions of rupees, instead of, as it should be, the said millions of pounds sterling. There are, besides, several passages which had better have been expunged, notwithstanding "their being interwoven with more important matter," which the author pleads as an excuse for their retention; but, with all these deductions, the Competition Wallah writes well, and will write much better soon, especially if he gives his ideas free scope, *sans être mené à la lisière*.

Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas.)

In this excellent book Mr. D'Arcy Thompson brings to the subject of education the resources of long experience and original thought. His ostensible topic is the best method of teaching Greek and Latin; but, in discussing it, he utters many truths that relate to the acquisition of knowledge generally. Many may think that the philological essay must necessarily be dry and abstract; but this example of it is so relieved by agreeable anecdote,—by analogies which, though at times far-fetched, are usually pertinent and telling, and by a genial and humane spirit,—that we have seldom found reading less tedious.

The leading doctrine here enforced is, that as language itself sprang from the necessities of human nature, so the true key to all its modifications must be found in human nature. In other words, it is by bringing the reason of the scholar to bear upon the various forms of speech that he learns their use and their

distinction from each other. The absurdity of teaching a language which is still a riddle to the student through the medium of a grammar which is part of the riddle, of course comes in for Mr. Thompson's reprehension. Nay, he would object to such grammars as have been in vogue, even if they were written in the native tongue of the learner. Their abstract and conventional rules, often perplexing to the adult, are, for the most part, mere sound to a school-boy. Mr. Thompson would, therefore, chiefly employ a *vivâ voce* method, by which the pupil should be led on to feel his way to the various uses of language. After this explanation of his theory, let us now look on and watch it in action:—

"If I came to such a sentence as *Puer librum tabule imposuit*, I should explain how *imposuit* meant *put on*; and I should say that if a boy *put*, he must first have *put something*; and that this something might be called the *primary object* after the transitive verb; and that if he *put something on*, he must also have put that something on *something else*, which something else I should expect to find in the case of the *secondary object*: unless a special preposition were used, as in English: and so in the above Latin sentence he would see that *librum* was the primary object depending on the *posuit* in the verb; and *tabula* the secondary object depending immediately on the *in* of the same. And I should continually impress upon him that the primary object was rendered by what was called the accusative; and the secondary object by what was called the dative. And I should consider such a simple and rational and intelligible way of parsing far better than the explaining the case of *tabula* by so ridiculous a rule as: 'Verbs compounded with these ten prepositions, *ad, ante, cum, in, inter, ob, post, pro, sub, and super*, govern a dative case.' And by and by, when my pupils were capable of following me, I should show them that in the termination of the accusative, in that insignificant letter *m* at the end of the word, was probably latent some preposition meaning *on, upon, or to*, which made the case to follow verbs or words of *motion or activity*; and that all datives properly ended in *i*, and that this *i* was probably the corruption of some preposition indicating *motion or rest, in or at a place*; and that all datives were really *locatives* or *cases of direction*."

—Very true; the student who masters the simple fact, that "all datives are really locatives or cases of direction," has made far greater progress than he who has acquired a table of rules that throw no light upon any fundamental principle.

Further on, we find Mr. Thompson dealing with some hitherto unquestioned dogmas of grammar in a manner which, however irreverent, is certainly entertaining:—

"The rules for the gerund are ludicrous enough; but in that for the locative case we reach the *acme* of grammatical unreason:—'*In or at a place* is put in the genitive case, if the noun be of the first or second declension, and of the singular number; but in the ablative case, if the noun be of the third declension, or if it be a plural noun of any declension.' Now, if this rule were correct in substance, it would seem to indicate as much coherence in Latin syntax as in the dreams of a maniac. After swallowing such a bolus of indigestibility, we might safely bolt anything; brace-buttons, tee-bottums, corkscrews. I venture to suggest some analogues: An active-transitive verb governs an accusative case, if the verb be of the first conjugation, and the noun of the fourth declension and of the feminine gender; otherwise, the verb may govern any case or no case, as you please.—An adjective agrees with its noun in gender, number, and case; excepting in the case of feminine nouns defective in the singular, and irregular in their habits. I have an idea of publishing a cookery book upon the same principles of unreason. The following recipe I quote as an anticipatory advertisement:—To make an apple-pie, you will compose the interior of currant-jam, if the

pie be made on Wednesday, and the weather out-of-doors be windy; but of soap-suds, if it be your washing-day, and the dish be of the willow-pattern."

The above may serve as a specimen of the writer's humorous logic. Of his power to illustrate abstract propositions familiarly and picturesquely, we have abundant proof—as, for instance, when he tells us that the prepositive (or nominative) case "is the shadow thrown in front by a coming verb, the forerunner of the king of the sentence, a grammatical gold-stick"; that "the appositive (or accusative) is a page that follows close upon the king, holding up his train"; and that "the directive (or dative) is a sort of city marshal, that orders rightly a procession." These figures are, of course, the illustration of precise rules previously given, not the substitute for them.

On some points we venture to differ from Mr. Thompson. We do not bind ourselves even to all the views which we have quoted, on the whole, with praise. In some cases we think that he is over-subtle, and perplexes rather than elucidates his subject. He tells us, for example, that "*τύπω*, being a tense of habituality or frequentativeness, cannot be a present tense; for the idea of the present is connected with a point of time, and the idea of habituality with duration." Now, surely duration has nothing, necessarily, to do with any tense. A present or a future action may proceed from motives that are transient no less than from such as are continuous. The expression "I walk," for instance, is equally correct, whether the distance be a league or a yard—whether the speaker be in the habit of walking, or whether, as in the case of an invalid, the exercise be an exception to his habit. In like manner, the phrase "I shall strike" may result either from a sudden and brief impulse or from a long-cherished purpose. In the one case, habituality is implied—in the other, it is absent; but in both cases the use of the future is proper. This notion of habituality, we repeat, is not involved in any tense, but has been arbitrarily imposed by Mr. Thompson upon that tense which we usually call "the present."

Our author, however, is always suggestive, even when his reasoning seems inconclusive. The amusing and instructive chapter called 'The King of the Alphabet' is a case in point. It abounds in speculations, some of which are so happy that they give us the key to a wide range of facts; while others, more doubtful, stimulate the intellect, though they may not satisfy it. In his doctrine that words have been originally derived from the *sounds* which represent given ideas—that, as a humorous example, "men are but bodily consonants, and women but spiritual vowels"; in short, that the forms of speech, like all other forms, are determined by the more spiritual elements of thought and feeling,—Mr. Thompson affirms a truth which relates not only to philology but to human nature. We advise our readers to make early acquaintance with these 'Day Dreams.' Learning and philosophy have seldom put on a more attractive garb, nor have we ever felt more convinced, than by Mr. Thompson's arguments, that erudition, however necessary, is the least part of a teacher's qualifications.

Not Dead Yet. By J. C. Jeaffreson. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Jeaffreson's talent has certainly gained in ripeness and fullness of flavour, like fruit on a wall in a sunny aspect. His present novel is in every respect satisfactory; it has a well contrived, well built-up plot; it is carefully written; no part of the work is slurred or

sacrificed to make a situation or to obtain an effect. The writer has evidently taken pains, and there is much good work put into the book; which has a solidity and force that impress the reader with a sense of the reality of the story. We have read it through with interest, and can recommend it to our readers. The story turns upon a remarkable course of generous self-sacrifice; the effect upon the reader is to make him feel it to be a noble thing "to suffer and be strong,"—not in the least depressing, as many tales of self-sacrifice are made. It is a healthy, pleasant book; the heroism is treated as a simple matter of doing one's duty, the difficulty consisting in the perseverance, which indeed is the great difficulty in all undertakings,—“the crown of life,” itself, being promised in Scripture to those who “endure to the end.”

In delineating the sustained effort necessary to enable a man to keep hold of the thing that is right, Mr. Jeaffreson has shown that he understands what is implied in the phrase “doing his duty.” Edward Starling, the hero, acts with the steadfastness of Albert Dürer's knight riding through the forest with evil spirits at his elbow to tempt him, and Death himself trying to inspire him with fear. Yet Edward does nothing but what is simply right; the contrary would have been base. Those who read the work will feel strengthened and encouraged under their own difficulties. The character of Rupert Smith is elaborately contrasted with that of Edward; it is the best physiological study of a villain we have seen in a modern novel: rank moral cowardice and self-indulgence lie at the root of his nature, and contain the germ of all his crimes, which grow naturally from these like fruit from the parent tree. He has good qualities, or rather he does many kind and graceful actions, but they arise from second motives, and are allied to craft and calculation. He has no root in himself, and his apparent virtues in time of temptation speedily vanish away. The temptations under which he falls are so cunningly shaded that the amount involved of “sins which have a name” is kept almost out of sight; the surface presented is so smooth and the opportunity so tempting, that the reader is more inclined to forgive the great acts of evil than the constant thought of self and self-interest which pervade the nature of Rupert Smith and make him detestable. Rupert Smith is a barrister, clever, handsome, elegant, agreeable, always well dressed, with no particular vice,—only want of means combined with the absence of all powers of industry or application constitute the soil in which every vice is indigenous. He is the illegitimate son of a gentleman; his mother is a gentlewoman, and very delicately and gently Mr. Jeaffreson has sketched her in the few pages where she is introduced. Rupert lives on his mother's small means. The sketch of the women at Hampton Court is excellent, and their history is indicated with great skill; therein lie the extenuating circumstances for Rupert's character. Edward Starling, or Edward Smith, as he calls himself, is Rupert's legitimate half-brother. The father of these young men has been a reckless, extravagant, unprincipled man, but repentant and reformed in his latter days, so that Edward can with truth honour and love his memory. The two youths are firm friends: Edward because he loves Rupert, Rupert because he intends to obtain ultimate advantage out of the intimacy. They are both the grandchildren of a rich, heathenish old baronet, who has discarded his son, Edward's father, because he has been unsuccessful, and because he has lost or squandered his money.

When Edward's father dies, the old grandfather offers to provide for Edward, if he will enter the Church, but as Edward is set on becoming an artist, he is cast off with a small sum, and bound over never to assume the family name,—so he goes by the name of Edward Smith, and is an industrious Art-student in the academy of John Buckmaster, in Newman Street,—a capital character. At the beginning of the story, Edward has just sold two pictures, and become introduced to John Harrison Newbolt, the Radical member for Harling, a bold, jovial, blustering, generous, giant of a man,—a well-conceived and spiritedly-drawn character. Newbolt “has a daughter, passing fair,” whom he intends to marry to some man of rank. Nothing under a title will satisfy him. He patronizes Edward; brings him to the house; places him near his daughter to teach her drawing; and when the two have fulfilled their destiny and fallen in love, he shows the coarse tyrannical side of his nature, and separates them. Edward behaves with perfect honour. He leaves England and Rupert goes with him,—Rupert flying from duns and liabilities of various kinds, amongst others his obligation to acknowledge his marriage with a pretty young woman whom he has wedded under the only name to which he has any real claim. He leaves her to die, or to starve, or to go to ruin. The friends go to the gold diggings at Melbourne, but with little success. Edward takes the fever, and Rupert nurses him devotedly; in his search for a doctor, Rupert finds a man who has sworn to be his enemy, on account of his conduct to the woman he has married and forsaken. Edward, to all appearance, is dead on Rupert's return to the hut, and, instead of remaining to bury him, Rupert takes to flight and makes his way to England, honestly believing, however, that his brother is really dead. On his arrival he finds the cousin dead whose life stood between Edward and the family estate. Rupert is tempted to represent himself as Edward, and to tell the story as of Rupert's death in the bush. He knows all Edward's affairs and secrets; he resembles him in person, and, with a little study, he gets up all the earlier portions of his life. The grandfather, an old dying man of past eighty, acknowledges him for his heir, and he succeeds to Edward's inheritance. Rupert tries to redeem his imposition by making a good use of his money: he is a good landlord; he ingeniously redeems his old debts, and helps his mother; is almost good, for he does all that is right, *except* becoming an honest man. There is one man whom he does not attempt to deceive, and that is John Harrison Newbolt, who, however, knows nothing of Edward's real claim to the name and baronetcy of Starling. Mr. Newbolt has repented of his former cruelty, and invites Rupert to come and tell Florence the particulars of Edward's death. The result is that he at length prevails on Florence to marry him, as Edward's friend. On the marriage-day, Edward returns, just too late to stop the ceremony,—when he learns from Ida Newbolt, half-sister to the lady of his love, all that has occurred—how Florence still loves him, and the means by which she has been persuaded to marry the man who has usurped his heritage and personated his name. Edward perceives at once that to publish the truth would be to plunge Florence into misery; he, therefore, resolves to hold his tongue. He does not even tell Ida Newbolt that Rupert is an usurper, because that would entail disgrace on the woman he loves; so he devotes himself to silent self-negation for the rest of his life, and resumes his profession. He, however, tells his treacherous half-brother of his return, and lays a strong hand upon him so that the property

may be preserved, without diminution, for the benefit of Florence and her children. All this portion is well brought out. Of course, justice is executed in the end. How it is all brought about and the romantic details, we shall not narrate. We have given the bald and compendious outline of an elaborate and well-contrived plot; but the reader must consult his own interest, and refer to the work itself.

RECENT GEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Geological Essays, and Sketch of the Geology of Manchester and the Neighbourhood. By John Taylor. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

A Text-Book of Geology. Designed for Schools and Academies. By James D. Dana, LL.D. Illustrated by Woodcuts. (Philadelphia, Bliss & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.)

Remarks on the Antiquity and Nature of Man, in Reply to the Recent Work of Sir Charles Lyell. By the Rev. James Brodie. (Edinburgh, Johnstone, Hunter & Co.)

WITHIN a circuit of twenty miles round Manchester many interesting and instructive leaves of the great Stone Book lie open in their natural sequence, so that he who runs or walks may read. They consist chiefly of what may be termed the middle pages of the volume, or the middle ages of the geological record,—technically, those included between the later palæozoic and the beginning of the mesozoic series of rocks. Any geologist will at once apprehend the features and the fossils afforded by such formations; and any one who is not yet a geologist may learn much from Mr. Taylor's easily-understood essays on this subject and locality. With the author, we may ramble about villages in Cheshire, such as that of Lymm, with its square-towered church nestling among the trees and reflected in the placid mere beneath, and its red sandstone cottages, the stones of which indicate the character of the subjacent rock, and lead us at once to geological meditations. Here once were shallow seas, and here once between tides strange creatures walked over widely-spread mud-flats, leaving occasional impressions of their footsteps, which are now hard and distinct in flagstones. In an adjacent old churchyard the very gravestones are geological tablets; and one of these, bearing the footprint of a primeval frog-like monster, rudely resembling the print of a human hand, and stained by oxide of iron of a blood-red colour, is attributed by superstitious tradition to the “bloody hand” of a wretched suicide whose bones lie interred below.

Then we may muse upon the enormous lapse of time involved in the gradual deposition of the 1,700 feet assigned as the total thickness of the New Red Sandstone and marls of Cheshire; and again we may connect the early prevalence of vast seas with the present deposits of rock salt, which have made Cheshire famous, and given it a saliferous pre-eminence over all other English counties. Travelling a little further, we may find slabs of sandstone bearing the marks of old sun-cracks when the skies were bright, and the pits of old rain-drops when the skies were dark. These, indeed, together with the ripple-marks of the old seas so extensively impressed on the surface of numerous rock-beds, are among the things hard to be believed by the unscientific public; let unbelievers, however, visit such localities as the chief Cheshire quarries, and judge for themselves *in situ* whether frog-footed beasts and rolling tides, and strong winds and copious rains, have not left their enduring marks on the mud and sand of a time thousands of centuries ago.

Scarcely can we move in this district without

walking dry-shod upon old sea-bottoms. Even around the great home of wheels and spindles, and cotton and clatter, hard as it may be to believe, there was once "the stillness of a central sea," and that for periods incalculable. But there were also in one long-past era forests in this very district,—immense forests of strange and palm-like plants,—among which neither ash, nor oak, nor elm was found; a Flora of dull monotony, amidst which no birds sang and few or no flowers bloomed. Yet over these the broad sun streamed, coloured the leaves and promoted the assimilating powers of their pores, and light was stored by the living plant, which, being subsequently fossilized, now, myriads of ages afterwards, gives out the same light and heat which it acquired from ancient sunbeams. Strange, indeed, is it, but quite true, that the bright gaslights of the Manchester streets, the long rows of evening lights which in good times shine out from the numerous panes of huge factories, together with the warm glow of the welcome firesides of countless homes, all emanate from that coal, whose vegetable components once lay in living plants, and were elaborated by the action of burning suns.

To pass over the commercial advantages of the Manchester coal-field to that city, which, indeed, are so obvious as not to need detail, it may be noticed that the characteristic fossils of the coal formation abound in this district, and the chief value of Mr. Taylor's book is, that it gives references to fossiliferous localities. The student of coal-plants will find magnificent collections ready for his inspection in public museums and in private cabinets in and around Manchester. In the roofs of some of the coal-seams great quantities of fossil plants of very numerous species are frequently found; and in certain spots a few feet of rock teach most interesting geological lessons. Overlying some roof-shale, in one coal-pit, is a band parted by thin layers of stone, and separated from the shale below by about two inches of conglomerate, which is simply a coprolitic cement, in which occur fossil plants and bones, with fish-scales and teeth. This was evidently formed at the bottom of a portion of an ancient sea, which served as a feeding-ground to its finny inhabitants. Hence the seabed became covered with their coprolites, in which are now visible the undigested remains of their food; and we see that these fecal fossils have passed through two stages of animal existence before they were consolidated into stone. In what is called the cannel (or candle) coal, there occur also numerous and often very fine remains of fish. There is likewise a rich sepulchre of fish in the roof of the "thin-bed" of the Burnley coal-field, wherein vast masses of teeth, jaws, back-bones and dorsal rays of various ichthyic creatures are abundantly commingled, as if the great shoals of fish had gathered together, and here found a burial-place. One might daily detach fragments of fish, and delightfully speculate on the mighty and marvellous geological mutations, which have made, not indeed "of a city an heap," of a defended city a ruin, but, reversely, a city out of a heap, and a populous city out of a ruin of old fish-bones, and stout reeds, and tall grasses, and tiny shells; first laying them all low and decaying them, and afterwards building them up in piles of regularly interlaced strata; thus completely changing the whole order of existence, and yet, by destruction, producing subsequent advantage, and making the lower orders of animals and vegetables to minister by their very death and decay to the comfort and wealth of the crowning animal of animals, when Man came busy and skilful upon the long silent

shores and former forest-grounds of an early world.

A curious line of thought might be pursued as to the economic consequences of the comparative nearness to the surface, or distance from it, of our principal coal-fields. In the case of Manchester, for instance, the position and perhaps manufacturing prosperity of the city depended, not merely on the fact of its being situated on a coal-field, but also as much on the fact that the contained coal is not too far from the surface for easy attainment. Probably upon this hinged the character of the trade of the city; for in the adjacent Cheshire plains, where the coal-strata, if present at all, lie deep down, and under a vast thickness of sandstone, agriculture takes the place of mechanism and manufactures; and this is apparently a general contrast in England. Further, the rock systems posterior to the carboniferous series are, from the presence of phosphates, and other components, better suited to agriculture. These distinctions our author has hinted, but has not wrought out. He is, we think, quite right in holding views of this kind, and we do not wholly agree with those who believe that it is the *race* which has distinguished the place of their abode, and not the place of their abode the *race*. Local geology clearly teaches that stratigraphical conditions govern the sites and the industries of great cities; and Lancashire at large, with Manchester in particular, affords striking evidences of the truth of this opinion.

Books on such themes, by competent hands, will always be interesting even to general readers; and the one before us, which is composed of discursive essays clustering round the central topic of the geology of the Manchester district, is good in design and in execution. Its defects in literary construction may be lightly visited, since the author is sound in his science and his inferences. Some of his printer's errors, however, ought to have caught the author's eye, as they will at once catch that of any geologist. The "*elephas primigenius*," for instance, instead of *elephas primigenius*, is almost as monstrous as the mammoth itself.

Dr. Dana's small volume is substantially an abridgment of his 'Manual of Geology,' which we noticed on its appearance last year. In this 'Text-Book,' to use Dr. Dana's own words, "the science is not made a dry account of rocks and their fossils, but a history of the earth's continents, seas, strata, mountains, climates and living races; and this history is illustrated, as far as the case admits, by means of American facts, without, however, overlooking those of other continents, and especially of Great Britain and Europe."

Even in the short paragraphs which make up the chapters of the 'Text-Book' the full knowledge of the author is manifest, and the results of the researches of many geologists are concisely and accurately stated. Those beginners, to whom conciseness is attractive and fullness formidable, may obtain the present 'Text-Book,' and make of it a useful introduction to the science; adorned as it is with many of the beautiful woodcuts of the larger work. But we have little hope that such works, however concise and correct, will by themselves be of essential service. The effective geological teacher can make them of use; but they require his aid, and his familiar and diffuse explanations. With such a teacher and such a text-book as that before us, the student may make satisfactory progress; without the living teacher, we should prefer to recommend the author's larger 'Manual of Geology' as more attractive reading because of its fullness.

The improvement which has taken place in the geological manuals and text-books of the last few years is very remarkable. Those of Jukes and Page and Dana evince careful preparation, and leave little of importance to be desired in the same direction. But the student must from the first be a frequenter of quarries, railroad cuttings, natural sections and sea-coasts. There, and there alone, can he apply his textual knowledge.

Most readers of Sir Charles Lyell's volume and of the present little book would be surprised that it should be entitled a 'Reply' to Sir Charles Lyell. But in relation to brevity let the author be heard:—"His treatise, therefore, is brief, because the arguments adduced by Sir Charles, when separated from the mass of incongruous matter in which they are imbedded, are but few in number, and do not require any lengthened discussion in order to enable an intelligent reader to form an opinion in regard to them." Mr. Brodie's opinion would be in the Scotch form of verdict, "not proven." It finds expression in such sentences as this:—"Though man may have been coeval with animals now extinct, and though changes in the climate, as well as in the physical geography, of Europe may have taken place since he first visited its shores, these circumstances do not prove him to have been an inhabitant of the earth for many thousand years." Here, as throughout these pages, it clearly appears that the author has little appreciation of the immense scale of geological time; and this is the usual failing of the well-meaning class to which he belongs.

It is, likewise, mere presumption in an ungeological critic, who, when referring to the finding of ancient flint implements in England, admits ignorance in these words:—"We are not ourselves acquainted with the districts in which these manufactures of the olden time have been found," nevertheless to add, "The beds of gravel cannot be ascribed to the effects of river floods; they have, in all probability, been produced by the action of the tide, and that agency is at once so powerful, and so uncertain and irregular in its operation, that it is idle to speculate on the time which it required to effect the changes which these localities have undergone." It is certainly idle to reason geologically with such a writer, and equally idle to regard his production as a Reply to Sir Charles Lyell's volume.

The latter chapters of this little book are somewhat better than the earlier ones, and may interest those who have read nothing else upon the presumed transmutation of species and other collateral topics. As a Biblical conservative of the old school, the author briefly expresses the ordinary views, but adds nothing worth quotation. If his opinions on the Mosaic narrative are of interest to any readers, the following is the substance of them: "He regards the submergence of the earth under the deep, spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis, as simple literal fact. He believes that the creatures afterwards formed were cast, so to speak, in the same mould as those that had lived before; and that the present creation of irrational beings is, in all its essential particulars, a restoration of that which previously existed." And finally, in giving Sir Charles Lyell a parting thrust, Mr. Brodie, with much self-complacency, "does not object to Sir Charles's conclusions in regard to the antiquity of the earlier remains of man because they are contrary to Scripture; he rejects them simply because they are not supported by facts." To such writers and reasoners it will be of little consequence that a large number of observers accept these con-

clusions in the main, simply because they are supported by facts.

Daleth; or, the Homestead of the Nations. Egypt Illustrated. By Edward L. Clark. (Boston, U.S., Ticknor & Fields; London, Low & Co.)

SOMETHING in the style and spirit of Mr. Curtis's 'Nile Notes,' Mr. Clark, who is also an American traveller, produces 'Daleth.' Daleth is the Hebrew letter of that name, perhaps the Delta of the Greeks; it means a door or entrance. It is found on many temples and columns; and Mr. Clark poetically assumes that it may be taken as a symbol of Egypt itself, and as an expression of Egypt's place in history.

'Daleth'—we mean the American volume, not the Hebrew letter—is a rhapsody on the power and glory of the Pharaohs, often eloquent, fanciful, quizzical, ludicrous, yet always readable and attractive: not adding, not professing to add, much to our knowledge of the Nile and its chief cities; but putting what is already known in an extremely bright and picturesque way before the reader's eye.

Mr. Clark, as may be inferred, places a very high value on the arts of Egypt. Everything good came from the Nile. To that splendid source he would trace the most ancient and renowned civilizations—the learning of the Hebrews, the arts of the Etruscans, the science of the Greeks. All science, all philosophy, were borrowed from Memphis, the City of Good:—

"Thales, the celebrated Greek astronomer, was taught by the Egyptians, six centuries before Christ, to calculate eclipses, and determine the equinoctial points; and his countryman, Eratosthenes, nearly three centuries later, could measure a degree of meridian and the circumference of the earth. Anacreon, who flourished in the age of Thales, rears in a drinking ode to the light which the moon borrows from the sun. Aristotle says the Pythagoreans taught in Italy what was learned at Heliopolis, of the earth revolving round its centre, making day and night; and also of its moving about the sun, as the centre of our system. Plutarch says the Milky-Way is composed of stars, the earth is round, the heavenly bodies are attracted to each other, and all are impelled in their order. Democritus confirms this, and adds that the centre of the earth is full of fire. We cannot doubt whence these truths were obtained, when we see the stars grouped and named on the walls of the temple, or read in the interpretation of the four books of Hermes, preserved from a very great age of Egypt, of fixed stars, of solar and lunar conjunction, of the phases of the moon and the revolution of the stars. Even the great Copernicus seems to study under the shadow of Egyptian temples."

In other sciences it was the same as in that which taught the mystery of the stars. In chemistry perhaps, in the mechanical arts certainly, the Egyptians were our masters:—

"The science of chemistry is everywhere seen in their daily life. It is not a little surprising that Moses should know sufficiently the property of acids to be able to reduce to dust the golden calf. But it is not difficult to say who taught him this art. The steel, whose blue edge the accurate painters of the Egyptian tombs have preserved, is more than three thousand years old. How did they temper copper with tin? How mould and use the metals? How work the mines of Nubia and Sinai and the Red Sea, which extend far under the water? We wander amid these mines to-day, and behold the remains of the poor workmen, where the shafts have broken or the excavations fallen, with a new idea of the greatness of that power which offered necrotombs of lives in the building of altars to which the nation was a great sacrifice. Or how is it possible that the hardest granite and softest sandstone were alike engraved and polished with a skill far surpassing the workmanship of the finest chisels in France? The obelisk which stands in solitary state

in the Place de la Concorde at Paris turned the edge of the best steel, and the date of its erection could scarcely be put upon its pedestal, yet it was crowded with hieroglyphics. Upon many of the monuments of Egypt the letters are three inches deep, and the closest observation discloses only the perfectness of the work. The most delicate lines covering hundreds of square feet of the finest polished stone set at defiance all modern art. We learn that they gave bronze blades the elasticity of steel, and, without hardening it, made copper cut stone. Basalt was a plaything to them, and porphyry yielded, like marble, to the delicate yet strong touch of these masters. Vasari, the architect of Cosmo de' Medici, tells us that the Duke found the secret of cutting granite in the Egyptian style. This may be true, but the art is now lost. And whether the sand of Ethiopia or Pelusium polished the surface, whether the chemists hardened the chisels, or softened the stone, for the engraver, there they stand as triumphs of an art which waited centuries for a name."

In this spirit of respect and veneration for the extinct races of the land, Mr. Clark goes up the Nile, starting from Alexandria, until he reaches Thebes and Philæ,—everywhere picturing the country as it is and as it was, and always in the brightest colours at his command. One of his best passages gives a picture of Cairo in the early summer; a picture fanciful, perhaps faint, yet true to the East in every line:—

"When the rising river touches the feet of the acacia-trees which grow on the island of Rhoda, when the terraces of Boulak blossom with the willow and the white myrtle hedges, and the gardens of Shobra blush with the pomegranates, comes the great holiday of the seasons. Rhamedan, the Lent of the Moslems, is past, and all the full canals make Cairo an Oriental Venice. Harms float by in graceful boats. The pale Circassian, the languid Georgian, the graceful Greek, draw aside something of their veiled seclusion. Dreams of unknown beauties and unseen beings fill the heart of the young men. The mosques grow more soft, and the crescents of the minarets glisten like stars on the water. The arches widening as they spring upward with Persian beauty, the fretwork and tracery of India, and the slender grace of Arabia, seem more airy and graceful in the 'festival of waters.' The lemon and almond trees fill the air with fragrance. The gardens of violets and roses and orange shrubs are redolent with luxury. Over the walls climb the white jessamine and the ruddy grape. The fountains scarce find room in the squares. Morning and evening ebbs and flows the tide of life through the gateways of the city. Cairo is now that voluptuous place of which the Arabian poets dream. The daughter of the Fatimites, the bride of Saladin, has become the Tyre of the Saracens. The summer comes stealing along the avenues of the city, and touches this splendour. It vanishes like a dream. The Romans long ago bade their invalids follow the cool breeze northward. Yet Cairo is always true to itself, and neither Bagdad nor Damascus is more rich in the pictures of that peculiar Eastern life, which the days of Shishak did not invent or the reign of Caliph Omer abandon. The seasons of the year and the changes of her history are not equally pleasing, yet all are suggestive. As the muezzin in the strength of manhood climbs to the summit of his minaret and sounds out with clear voice the different calls to prayer, yet contents himself with a place somewhat lower, when the hand is less firm and the foot is less steady, until at length his feeble voice is scarcely heard from the colonnades in the still evening, and another will soon waken the sleeping to prayers, so the voice of Cairo changes in glory and power, yet the burden of her call is ever the same, giving the reality and freshness of that cheerful life to the Nile valley which even the Pyramids do not disdain to echo."

In the ninth chapter Mr. Clark makes a little story, after many models, in order to introduce details of ancient Egyptian life. The success is not very great, perhaps; yet the particulars are chosen with much art.

We must add that the volume is copiously illustrated, both by diagrams and coloured drawings. Not many of these are unfamiliar to readers of books on the Nile; but they lend the charm of completeness to a volume, which is in every way a pleasant one.

Words and Places; or, Etymological Illustrations of History, Ethnology, and Geography. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE family of the "Taylors of Ongar" may be said to be literary *pur sang*. Our grandmothers, in the years of their young maternity, gave the 'Hymns for Infant Minds,' of Jane and Ann Taylor, to their children, and that book is still kept passing through the press to the nursery. The writings of the amiable Jefferys Taylor continue to have an appreciating public. The author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' Mr. Isaac Taylor, is as zealous and as successful an author as he was when that remarkable book first appeared; and now that gentleman's son, taking for his pleasant subject the etymological illustrations of history, ethnology and geography, shows his ability in a new field to support and to enhance the literary honours attached to his family name.

Our first impression on closing this volume was, that although there were some interpretations of names which we were not altogether disposed to accept, and a few which we decidedly declined to accept, yet the volume was so full in itself, and embraced such extensive limits of place and time, that no local name, in England at least, and presenting any difficulty, had been passed over without a guess at, or a translation of, its meaning. Mr. Taylor's volume, however, does not profess to exhaust its subject in this manner. His uncle, the late Rev. Joseph Gilbert, begins his autobiography with the words, "About nine miles north of Boston, in Lincolnshire, the traveller comes to a village named, from what derivation I know not, Wrangle." Mr. Taylor does not make us wiser than his uncle in this respect, nor does he inform us why the road-side ways in Lincolnshire are called *rampers*; but, on the other hand, he goes briefly but lucidly into the matter of the Danish settlements in Lincolnshire, and discourses as pleasantly and cleverly thereon as might satisfy even an unreasonable inquirer.

Indeed, if the map given in this volume indicated the limits in which Mr. Taylor proposed to confine himself, we should be justified in adding that he gives much more than he promises. In that map we see the Saxon element pervading two-thirds of England, the greater portion of the Scottish Lowlands, breaking out as it were sporadically in Ireland, which is otherwise all Celtic, and showing its presence by a little patch about Boulogne, in Picardy, and amid the Danish settlements in Normandy. The Celtic element in England is confined to Cornwall and to all Wales, save its south-west extremity, which, with the north-west of England, and running up to the south-west of Scotland, is Norwegian. The latter element prevails in the north of Scotland, in which country the districts between the extreme north and the Lowlands is Celtic, the characteristic also of Brittany. The Danes have left little or nothing in Ireland, except a bare name here and there, such as Danes' Hill or Danes' Fort, and the hills or forts so called generally consist of two not far apart. Along our eastern counties, above Lowestoft and stretching towards the midland districts, the Danish element is supreme. From such elements, and we may include the Roman, is the English blood drawn. That is to say, we are not purely English, nor

even Anglo-Saxon, but a mixture of Celt, Latin, Dane, Norwegian and Saxon. Among these, the Northmen should stand to the rest as the Frank does to the Gaul, but the truth is that there is little distinctive blood in England. We form a British mixture of which the traces are to be found in local names, and the quality in ourselves. "English" is in truth the name of the quintessence of five component parts.

Mr. Taylor's volume, however, ranges far beyond the parts here indicated. He almost reads the history of the world in the story of its names, and this history is now social now political, now civil now religious; every name has a signification, and the declaring this leads to the revealing of a world of knowledge. Thus the name of a place may help a student to a safe conclusion. *Pen Zance* is still "Penzance," and the Celt there abides victorious; but when it takes the form of "Holy-head" it indicates the supremacy of the Saxon. Some Celtic names would not so well bear translation as Penzance. For instance, numerous as the changes have been in Ireland, from Celtic to Saxon names, there are some that look and ring better in their original form and metal. A man need not be ashamed of living at Drumshamboe, but put that into its Saxon form, "Back of the old cow," and it hardly looks like a suitable name for the residence of a modern gentleman.

In looking abroad over the outer world, Mr. Taylor alludes, passing, to the northern names in Greece which certify a Scandinavian presence there, but he has omitted the stronger proofs still of an Indian immigration. In the late Dr. Pococke's 'India in Greece,' published in 1852, there was no want of very wild hypothesis, but withal there was an abundance of singular ethnological matter. That writer started with the assertion that Sanscrit was the language of Pelasgic and Hellenic Greece. That question we will not discuss; but out of the assertion Dr. Pococke built up a curious work, which, only for his riding his hobby too violently (as violently as George Dyer rode his Hebrew hobby-horse through Welsh Scriptural nomenclature), would have received more attention than was awarded to it at the time of its appearance. What is sound therein will serve to guide other explorers, and what is unsound will equally serve to warn them, more especially those who are apt to jump too readily to a conclusion respecting the signification and the bearing of a local name. Such persons as the latter, who are influenced by the inclination alluded to, can see in the map of Greece as interpreted by Dr. Pococke, a methodical Indian immigration. By his reading of the names, he shows how as the immigrating tribes had been settled in India so did they settle in Greece. The names of Greek districts, rivers, hills, valleys, headlands, bays, and so forth, all read by the Sanscrit, are found to have a significant meaning, as being altogether reduplications of the names of districts, rivers, hills, valleys, headlands, bays, and the like, in India. They who denied Dr. Pococke's premises could not fail to discern, amid much learning of a grotesque sort, that there was something in the volume quite as ingenious as it may have been exaggerated; and they who thus denied, and yet found that the ingenuity often almost took the form of an incontrovertible demonstration, must or ought to have felt that in all future ethnological inquiries what most seems may be least like the truth after which they are searching. Mr. Taylor has avoided this Greek and Indian field of inquiry altogether.

Mr. Taylor shows the historical value of local names. Those in the Isle of Man prove

the old Scandinavian presence and power in that island; and that power and presence are as easily to be traced on the American coast, where, in the tenth century, what we now know as Massachusetts bore the Norse name of Vinland. The world itself, indeed, is studded with names indicative of the nation, the hopes, fears, flattery, gratitude, designs or humours of the conquerors, discoverers, or settlers. In other cases, the names denote the limits within which dwelt certain peoples. From the evidence of local names, it has been shown that the Belgæ were of Celtic and not of Teutonic race. The local names in Switzerland indicate half-a-dozen different tribes, with varying languages. Some places have had a sacred and a common, others an inner and an outward name. Valentin was the sacred name of Rome, and Julius Cesar slew Valerius Soranus, who acknowledged no god but the soul of the universe, for having uttered the name to enemies who, by using it, might conjure the Penates from the city. Of inner and outer names, so to speak, there are many samples. We English are, to the Welsh and other nations, Saxon; and the Welsh, to all the world beside a term of contempt, signifying strangers or wanderers, were to themselves and the poets known as Cymri.

It is not in every case that the accepted name of a place demonstrates a truth in connexion with it. Mr. Taylor points to the fact that "Barbary," by a trickery playing with a vowel, speaks of a nation of savages, and not of the gallant and lofty Berbers. There are instances where an etymologist might be tempted into a more justifiable application of a wrong word than in the above case. When we remember that De Luna, the Arragonese admiral, once declared that no barque, of whatever country, should sail the waters without his master's permission, and that no fish should dare put its head into upper air without the shield of the King of Arragon round its neck, one is almost willing to believe that there must have been some affinity between Arragonese and *arrogance*.

Among the matters which Mr. Taylor will have to correct is his definition of whiskey. "It is," he says, "a contraction of the Erse word *Usquebaugh*, 'Water of Life': the 'caude-vie,' this would make, of the French. Whiskey, however, is simply the modern form of *Uisge*, water. *Usquebaugh*, or *Uisgueboy*, indicates the colour of the Irish whiskey, and is equivalent to 'yellow water,' the hue which it acquires from the saffron in it. One of the Lords of Antrim, in the olden time, was named from his golden hair, 'Sorley boy,' or *yellow Charley*. Mr. Taylor derives our 'grogam' from the *gros-grain* of the coarse-textured French material. While we took this from our neighbours, they adopted our 'Nankeen' jackets and trousers, name and all; but when the two governments disagreed, and war was imminent, the French authorities dressed their executioners in Nankin suits, and the dress disappeared forthwith from good society. English names linger there still; a 'bouligrin' is a smooth green sward such as we require for a *bowling-green*; our 'riding-coat' has been converted by them into a *redingote* as the name for a great-coat generally; while the term *carriack* was adopted in memory of the special great-coat which was worn by Garrick during his triumphant visit to Paris.

Every page in Mr. Taylor's book affords matter for extract, but the following, on the corruptions of names, will, perhaps, have a special interest with English readers:—

"Teutonic nations, for instance, inhabiting a country covered with ancient Celtic names, have unconsciously endeavoured to twist those names into a form in which they would be susceptible of

explanation from Teutonic sources. The instances are innumerable. The Celtic words *all maen*, mean high rock. In the Lake District this name has been transformed into the Old Man of Conistone. In the Orkneys a conspicuous pyramid of rock, 1,500 feet in height, is called the Old Man of Hoy; and two rocks on the Cornish coast go by the names of the Old Man and his Man. The Dead Man, another Cornish headland, is an Anglicization of the Celtic *dod maen*. Brown Willy, a Cornish ridge, some 1,370 feet in height, is a corruption of *Bryn Huel*, the tin-mine ridge. Abermaw, the mouth of the Maw, is commonly called Barmouth; Kinedar has been changed into King Edward; Dun-y-coed, a 'wooded hill' in Devonshire, is now called the Dunagoat; and Eastbourne was, no doubt, eas-bourne, the water brook, the *t* having crept in from a desire to make the Celtic prefix significant in English. Anglo-Saxon and Norse names have not escaped similar metamorphoses. The name of Maidenhead has given rise to the myth that here was buried the head of one of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne, but Mayden hithe, the ancient form of the name, shows that it was the wharf midway between Marlow and Windsor. So Maidstone is not the town of maids, but the town on the Medway. Hungerford, on the border between the Saxons and the Angles, was anciently Ingelford, or the ford of the Angles. Audley End is a corruption of Audley Inn, and Kenilworth is written Killingworth by Shakespeare and Marlowe. Kenilworth was a very ancient hunting-seat, and the transformation of the name is probably due to a supposed reference to the kennels of the hunting pack. In the Lake District we find some curious transformations of Norse names. Silly Wreay is the happy nook, Cunning Garth is the King's Yard, Candy Slack is the bowl-shaped hollow. Fitful Head, in Shetland, familiar to all readers of the Waverley Novels as the abode of Norna in 'The Pirate,' has received its present not inappropriate name, by reason of a misconception of the original Scandinavian name *Hvit-fell*, the white hill; and Cape Wrath, beaten, it is true, by wrathful storms, was originally Cape *Hwarf*, a Norse name, indicating a point where the land trends in a new direction. As might have been anticipated, French and Norman names in England have been peculiarly liable to suffer from these causes. *Château Vert*, in Oxfordshire, has been converted into Shotover Hill; *Beau chef* into Beachy Head; and *Burgh Walter*, the castle of Walter of Douay, who came over with the Conqueror, now appears in the form of Bridgewater. *Beau lieu* in Monmouthshire, *Grand pont*, the great bridge over the Fal in Cornwall, and *Bon gué*, or the good ford, in Suffolk, have been Saxonized into Bewley Woods, Grampond, and Bungay. Leighton *Beau désert* has been changed into Leighton Buzzard; and the brazen eagle which forms the lectern in the parish church is gravely exhibited by the sexton to passing strangers as the original buzzard from which the town may be supposed to derive its name."

The sexton mind has a peculiar process of its own. That functionary at Loch, in Switzerland, proves to you that a certain knight rode in panoply up the face of a perpendicular rock by exhibiting the saddle in which he did it; but, perhaps, the Leighton Buzzard sexton was not more ignorant than a rector of the last century, who thought that France was especially alluded to in Scripture, under the form of *Mount Seir*.

NEW POETRY.

The Fall of Babylon: an Epic Poem. By the Rev. Hibbert Newton, B.A. (Westerton.)—From the Preface to this book we may infer that some remarkable events will follow its publication. It appears that while the friends of Babylon, whoever they may be, "felt in January, 1848, quite secure," the Rev. Hibbert Newton took a very different view of their position. It was at that time his conviction "that we were far advanced in the events of the Sixth Vial, and would soon come to the Seventh, with its 'great earthquake' and the final ruin of 'great Babylon.'" A little further on

Mr. Newton observes, "The next month showed who was right. A few weeks after the printed announcement of 'The Fall of Babylon' all Europe shook with the downfall of the great monarchic supporter of Babylon's cause." If such results supervened upon the mere announcement of Mr. Newton's epic, the appearance of which it seems has been postponed until now, what consequences may not be expected from its actual publication? It is, however, open to discussion whether the events which followed the writer's advertisement had any connexion with his prophetic insight. This question we prefer to waive, nor will we offer an opinion as to whether the fall of Sebastopol, the introduction of iron ships, and the phenomena of spirit-rapping are, as Mr. Newton takes them to be, direct fulfilments of certain predictions in Scripture. We doubt not that, however over-confident in his tone, he has approached these topics with earnest feeling. It is enough to remark, that striking events occur in every age, and that, therefore, a mind which is bent to find in them the verification of particular prophecies will seldom have a difficult task. Our duties, however, relate to Mr. Newton in his character of poet, rather than in that of seer. Some notion of his style may be gathered from the following sketch:—

It was his youth's ambition and his prayer,
Who had of this world's wealth no lack, to be
In senate house: and once well seated there,
He would by speech and pamphlet policy,
Prepare the mind of England for that change,
His spirit's ken beheld in distance loom;
Yet indistinct within its vision range,
Struggling to light from out a stormy gloom.
But like the inexperienced and the young,
Whom not yet conflict with men's hearts did train;
All sanguine that his oratoric tongue
Would conquer, where the gospel fall'd to reign.
He would to modern politicians prove
A Pym or Hampden: and in fancy tread
The path of these in serious change to move
For an impeachment; but cut off no heads:
Preferring treason's modern way to death—
To be hung up to general contempt.
Then free from foes, he'll rule the popular breath,
From all disturbing fickle airs exempt,
In praise of his own life-long premier rule.
This brain of thirty summers y'all excuse,
Till sent at least ten trying years to school;
Now soaring in wild style of Delphian Muse,
Gaily into the future.

—We need not enter further into the characteristics of this "Epic," nor describe its plot. Those who see any poetic gold in the specimen turned up may be assured that they have a rich field to dig in. 'The Fall of Babylon' contains about twelve thousand lines, none of them much worse than those which we have quoted.

Ballads from the German. By Henry Inglis. (Edinburgh, Blackwood & Sons.)—We have here a copious selection from German poets, amongst whom Freiligrath, Uhland, Schiller and Lenau are the most conspicuous. Mr. Inglis appreciates and, to a great extent, reproduces the poetic feeling of his originals,—no small praise when, as in the case of Uhland, the point and sentiment are often delicate almost to elusiveness. The chief defect in these translations is their imperfect melody, the metre being often violated with an abruptness which, in verse professing to be regular, is no less displeasing than incorrect. As an example which is free from this defect, and also a suggestive rendering of a poet more remarkable for what he implies than even for what he utters, we extract

THE ANCESTRAL VAULT.

UHLAND.
There went a hoary war-worn sire
Across the solitary wold,
Up to the sanctuary old,
And stepped into the gloomy choir.

In ranks, the bannered vault along,
The grim ancestral coffins lay;
And through the darkness came away
A warning, wondrous strain of song.

"Ye warriors, in your shrouds of mail,
Your stately burial-dirge I hear;
It calls me to yon empty bier—
It bids your latest kinsman hail."

There stood, by shadows half concealed,
One empty bier amongst the dead:
He laid him in the narrow bed,
Cold pillowed on his dinted shield.

His sword, recumbent on his breast,
Was folded in the sleep of death;
Hushed was the ghostly anthem's breath,
And the dead warriors wore at rest.

—On the whole, Mr. Inglis's translations are sufficiently various and well executed to give a fair idea of the originals to the merely English reader, and to induce all who have acquired German to make further acquaintance with them.

The Poems of Robert Lowell. A New Edition, with many New Poems. (Boston, U.S., Dutton & Co.)—Mr. Robert Lowell—not the Lowell—has the faults and merits which have become almost characteristic of the latest American poets or poetasters. Nice in diction, minute, though somewhat feeble, in the painting of objects, they want fervour and breadth of style. So much is this the case with Mr. Lowell that, whenever he becomes thoroughly in earnest, as in his religious poems or those on the war, he throws aside his flagrant pretences of manner, and speaks either with energetic plainness or with a vividness of imagery to which he seldom attains in themes of sentiment or fancy. The best poem in the book is that entitled 'A Rhyme read by Two Lovers,' the burden of which is the evanescence of all human joy—even that of love itself—unless hallowed by religion. The sweet and pure sentiment of this poem cannot well be conveyed by an extract, but we quote its opening pictures of a landscape and an "interior":

The earth, without, was dark and very still:
No loving moon leaned downwards from the night
To draw forth, out of darkness, vale and hill,
And wooded town, and far stream glistening white;
And with her patient, maiden-modest skill,
Set the whole silent scene before her sight;
And the near park
Was still and dark,
And night and stillness, more than all
Clung to the trees beside the wet house-wall.
No insect's hum, nor bat-wing's whirling stroke,
Nor sudden cry the night's thick stillness broke.

Cool through the casement came light evening airs
From off the meadows wet with summer-rain:
At times a rain-drop, shaken unawares,
Dripped from its hold, held long, but held in vain.
The gauzy curtain, flowered, slight and frail,
Swelled with the soft air, like a pleasure-sail;
And, in the room, a rich, soft radiance fell
From the high, shaded lamp, on graceful things
Which woman knows to choose and set so well
That from her mere warm touch a new grace clings.

—These scenes are painted with the delicacy which is usual with Mr. Lowell, and also with a freshness and graphic truth which are less frequently his characteristics.

The Nun of Enzklösterle; a Legend of the Black Forest: in Six Songs. By Mrs. T. Ogilvy (née Bosanquet). (Masters.)—In this mediæval legend Mrs. Ogilvy relates that a certain German emperor, overpowered by his foes and wounded in battle, is borne to the convent of Enzklösterle. He is there tended by a nun named Sister Claire, with whom, on his recovery, he falls passionately in love. After some struggles with conscience he seeks from her a return of his attachment, pledging himself to marry her, if the Pope can be induced to absolve her from her vows. The Sister, shocked at a proposal which she regards as impious, withdraws herself from her lover, until, humbled and penitent, he is about to quit the convent. She accompanies him to a little distance beyond the walls, where he is set upon by hirelings. Claire interposes, and, receiving the fatal blow meant for the Emperor, expires in his arms. The latter is opportunely rescued; and the tale ends with the impression which the tragic fate of the pure and devoted Claire leaves upon his mind. This legend is not remarkable for originality of treatment, but its various details are earnestly and gracefully set forth.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Study of the Physical Sciences. By G. D. Wood. (Calder.)—Mr. Wood has produced a very interesting little essay, which may lead some to the study which he advocates. But a writer who is to enforce the introduction of a study ought to be very free from all that may give occasion against him. Now Mr. Wood has a share in three defects which are very frequent among teachers of physics. First, wrong reasoning and wrong generalization. He gives us eight examples, as specimens of what physics will do for developing logical acumen and generalization. Of these, five contain invalid inference, and two are not physical, one is geometrical, the other arithmetical. For instance: "The kettle on

the fire with water in never burns. Inference: Heat is carried off by the steam." Now first, the "never" is not true; for frequent use will at last make a hole in a kettle, even though water be never absent. Secondly, we cannot infer that steam carries off heat. All we can say is, that further inquiry shows that steam carries off heat, which we take to be the explanation of the safety of the kettle. But this is not inference from the mere fact of the kettle being uninjured. The following generalization is simply wrong. Inference (generalization): Heat expands matter because iron and water are expanded by heat. Secondly, physical writers are very apt to exaggerate the misdoing of former ages. Mr. Wood informs us that in the 250 years following the bull of Pope Calixtus (1484) against witchcraft, each year on the average, saw 16 executions in Scotland, 120 in England, and 400 in Germany. Where is the proof of this? We suspect there is nothing but what Mr. Wood calls "moderate calculation." Where we see these large numbers, we always remember the traveller who said that a Mexican bishop had burnt ten millions of heathens to convert them: this bishop, says Voltaire, probably exaggerated; but if it had been only five millions, it would have been something. There is enough of horror in what we know by good evidence; there is no occasion to "calculate," and no reason to look for truth in the result. Thirdly, a writer on physics very often repeats some tradition about history which has no foundation. Mr. Wood tells us that it was the observation of Mars and its variation in brightness which led Copernicus to doubt the existing system of astronomy. We think we have heard this story before: we cannot find it either in the biographer Gassendi or in the historian Delambre; and we suspect it altogether. "How truly grand is the long roll of man's triumphs.....victories over ignorance, prejudice, and superstition.....not that hideous strife which glories in destroying commerce, ravaging provinces.....In the strength of armed men we see but power shared by tigers and wolves....." Have the tigers and wolves called science to their aid? This eulogy is absurd as applied to science the peacemaker: there is never a discovery but what is immediately applied to the art of destruction, which has been fearfully increased of late years. To be sure there is to be said that the great powers of Europe are suspending their operations until they have settled exactly the best way to kill: but look at Denmark and at America! And the "long roll of man's triumphs." There is unmeant satire in this. The "long roll" is that performance on the drum at which every man in a garrison must turn out at once, be he in what state he may. Heaven grant that when science and gunnery have settled their matters we may not have to beat the long roll. In the meanwhile, let us hear no nonsense about the peaceful triumphs of science: as yet she is an untamed shrew and a lawless vixen.

The Motions of the Top, Teetotum, and Gyroscope explained. By Lieut. E. D. Aske, R.N. (Quebec, Hunter & Co.)—The director of the Quebec Observatory founds his explanation upon the supposition that we "are allowed to consider the top, teetotum, or gyroscope, as part of a sphere which is revolving about a common axis, with a similar figure of revolution taken away from the opposite hemisphere." Of this he gives no proof, and no justification except a few words which do not convince us. We suspect that the rest of the sphere will appear in strict formulae in a way which is not calculated on here. But the tract is ingenious, and may lead to some truth, even if its principle be wrong.

Lessons in Elementary Botany: the part on Systematic Botany based upon material left in manuscript by the late Prof. Henslow, with numerous Illustrations. By Daniel Oliver. (Macmillan & Co.)—The Rev. Prof. Henslow left, when he died, materials for a small volume of Lessons on Botany, such as he gave very successfully to his class in the University of Cambridge, and the parish school of Hitcham, in Suffolk. Prof. Henslow taught by means of selected types and flower-schedules. His success having invested his method with a peculiar interest, the materials he left were

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intrusted to Prof. Oliver, to be used in preparing a cheap book designed to teach the Elements of Botany on Prof. Henslow's plan; and which might serve as an introduction to the excellent text-books already published. Prof. Henslow appears to have been a very digressive teacher. Poppings being made of the stem of the elder, the professor would talk of pneumatics. The ash representing the olive order in Britain, he would discourse on specific gravities and soapmaking; the saltworks led him into glass-making; the hop into brewing; the bitterweeds into the analysis of a potato; and the bellflowers suggested wonderful bells! We are not told whether or no the worthy professor included Big Ben among the Campanulacæ. Prof. Oliver has omitted these digressions, which must have had their charm, especially in the parish school; and has prefaced the lessons on types by a few simple chapters on structure and physiology. After mastering these chapters, the learner is prepared for making the flower-schedules. Prof. Henslow employed these schedules to train his pupils in habits of attention to the most constant or important points in the structure of flowers. The most important characters are based upon the adhesion, cohesion, and suppression of parts of the flower. The representative types of the natural orders chosen are not the best, but the most easily obtained specimens. The structure and character of the types are illustrated by good woodcuts. Profs. Henslow and Oliver have been quite right in thinking that a small, simple, and cheap book for beginners in Botany is really needed, but as for their book, the present little volume, it leaves, as the French say, much to desire. The type and schedule plan is, however, an excellent one; and any beginner who shall patiently and perseveringly master it, making schedules of all the plants he can get, will find the first difficulties of Botany, as presented in the hand-books of Bentham, Lindley, and others, removed, and a path opened before him into the mysteries of plant life.

Of miscellaneous publications we have to mention—*The Operation of the Patent Laws, with Suggestions for their better Administration*, by A. V. Newton (Triibner & Co.).—*The Action of the Patent Laws in Promoting Invention*, by C. D. Abel (Taylor & Francis).—*Notes on Wood*, by Joseph Justen (Dulan & Co.).—*Lines of Demarcation between Man, Gorilla, and Macaque*, by Dr. Halford (Melbourne, Wilson & Mackinnon).—*The Civil Service of India: an Analysis of the last Four Examinations, with Remarks and Suggestions*, by the Rev. G. C. Hodgkinson (Longman).—*The Indian Currency: a Review* (Madras 'Daily News' Press).—*Indian Paper Currency, with some Suggestions for its Improvement* (Indopolite), (Madras, Gantz).—*On the Practice of employing certain Substitutes for the Genuine Ingredients in some Articles of Daily Food: considered as it affects the Health of the Community: a Paper by a Lady* (Lewis).—*Report to the Contributors to the Pennsylvania Relief Association for East Tennessee*, by a Commission sent by the Executive Committee to Visit that Region, and forward Supplies to the Royal and Suffering Inhabitants (Philadelphia, Printed for the Association).—*Thames and Medway Admiralty Surveys*, by J. C. Gooden (Wade).—*Lake Land: English and Scottish* (Hamilton).—*Confessions of the Faculty, by a Medical Practitioner* (Clayton).—*The New Zealand Rebellion: a Letter from H. Sewell to the Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton* (Macmillan & Co.).—*Jeems the Doorkeeper: a Lay Sermon*, by Dr. Brown (Edmonston & Douglas).—*A Voice from Derby to Bedlam* (Hardwicke).—*Insurance Companies. The Balance Sheets of Insurance Companies; or, the real Advantages of Publicity examined by Reference to the Accounts of Companies presented to Parliament in June 1863*, by H. Ayres (Foss).—*Sunshine: a New Name for a Popular Lecture on Health*, by Mrs. Dall (Boston, Walker).—*and Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury on the Schleswig-Holstein Question*, by Germanicus Vindex (Liverpool 'Daily Post').

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ainsworth's Tower of London, 12mo, 1/1 swd.
Bauer's Lectures on Orthopaedic Surgery, royal 8vo, 7/6 cl.
Bleeker's Theodicy, a Vindication of Divine Glory, royal 8vo, 12/6 cl.
Blythe House, by R. F. H., post 8vo, 1/1.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress (Nisbet), 6mo, 1/1 cl.

Byron's Poetical Works, new edit. 12mo, 3/6 (Routledge).
Campion's Nature & Grace, Sermons at Whitehall, cr. 8vo, 6/6 cl.
Casell's Concordance to Holy Bible, 32mo, 1/6 cl.
Chavasse's Advice to a Wife, 6th edit. 12mo, 2/6 swd.
Cleveland, The, or, a Wife's Influence, cr. 8vo, 4/6 cl.
Collins's Complete Commentary 3 vols., Vol. 1, 4to, 25/ cl.
Combe's Constitution of Man, Henderson edit. 3/6 cl.; 2/6 swd.
Coolidge's Asciated Part in English History, cr. 8vo, 6/ cl.
D'Aubigny's Reformation, Time of Calvin, Vol. 3, 8vo, 12/ cl.
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SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE DANISH WAR.

Copenhagen, May 19, 1864.

THE modern custom of sending newspaper correspondents to a place where war, or some great calamity, or a great festival is going on, affords many advantages to mankind. The curiosity of the nation that can afford to pay such emissaries is amply and agreeably satisfied: the public every morning at breakfast taking their seats like the Romans of old in the amphitheatre, to see the gladiators fight, or the wild beasts devour their human prey—with this advantage, however, over the ancient Romans, that, while the modern amphitheatre is immensely wider, they are, at the same time, saved—as behoves our Christian age—the actual sight of blood and tortures, although in the case of festivals going on, it must regretfully be admitted, they are deprived of the sweet music too.

To the other advantages must be added, the real information and instruction often conveyed to the reader; whilst the people to whom correspondents are sent, if they happen to read the reports, often derive some benefit from them too. We—for I belong to such a little nation served up at your breakfast—we learn to see ourselves with new eyes; national virtues and drawbacks, to which we were hitherto blind, because we all share them, are now revealed to us through the eye of the foreigner; we are seeing ourselves in a looking-glass, and sometimes, like Narcissus of old, stand riveted to the spot, spell-bound by our own unexpected beauty; whilst at other times, disagreeably surprised, we know not where to hide ourselves.

A Special Correspondent of one of your contemporaries, writing from the Danish head-quarters at Düppel, once described in feeling words some of our excellent Northern qualities, among which was our honourable absence of spies. The Danes, he said, are often surprised by their enemies, because they scorn the use of spies or scouts; their natural character is so straightforward, that were a Dane to enter the Prussian camp as a spy, he would openly tell the Prussians on what errand he had come, and therefore the Danish army employs no spies. How proud I felt on reading that letter! I may even attribute to the impression it made upon me, a possible loss of a small sum of money; for just a few moments after reading it, I was accosted by a distant acquaintance of mine, who requested the loan of a little money, and, in spite of some dim apprehension, I said to myself—If this countryman of mine, a Dane, intended to borrow without repaying me, he would straightforwardly say so. So I parted with the money, with what final result I do not yet know, although I may be justified in having my misgivings. After the fall of Düppel,

when the first smarting pain was over, on reading a German account that boasted of their having surprised us, I remembered the friendly English letter, and felt tempted to say almost as King Francis the First said, after the battle of Pavia—All is lost, save oursimplicity. Just then, I made the acquaintance of the chief commanding our corps of spies. From the fact of such an official existing in actual service I may, without claiming for my nation any particular cunning, be allowed to conclude that we know what spies are, and that we are not, alas! such fools as to deserve to be implicitly trusted. Whilst thus disclaiming a national virtue carried to our account, I do full justice to the friendly intention of your countryman, and I may, together with my fellow-citizens, seize other occasions of gaining instruction from him. One such opportunity he afforded us on the 5th instant, while passing through Copenhagen to visit Elsinore, by giving judgment *en route* on some disputed point of Art. For more than thirty years, earnest students have been occupied with the question, whether it be possible or not to create a national art of sculpture. It would seem, that the deeper and more complicated emotions of the mind, and the different characteristic forms through which they manifest themselves in the different nations, are more especially adapted for the romantic arts, such as painting and music, which for that reason may become, and have become, national—whilst sculpture, occupied in rendering more simple, and more general feelings, and in investing them with forms of beauty, must always take a more cosmopolitan turn; and in so doing must cling to the ancient Hellenes, to whom, as it were, beauty was revealed. As sculpture, it is further alleged, obeying its own innate laws, strives fully to express an idea in an adequate, classical form, there are general ideas almost incapable of being treated in clay, or marble—Christ, for instance, is never justly represented in sculpture—whilst certain national ideas, for other reasons, meet with obstacles. Thorwaldsen, though treating with his usual master-genius such realities of life as busts, and portrait-statues, when requested to create specific Northern or Scandinavian sculptures, such as an Odin by the side of Jove, a Thor by the side of Mars, at once declined the task. His reasons were these: "Northern mythology bears the stamp of the climate in which it was born. As our nights are long and our days of sunshine but few, our grandest ideas of old are more fitted to be pondered over with closed eyes than to take shape and to be exhibited to the full view of the people. Suppose I create a majestic, beautiful figure, a ruler of Heaven and Earth, he will become a Jove, unless I make him one-eyed; and even in thus disfiguring my statue, in order to realize an Odin, I shall have gained nothing, if I do not, at the same time, convey to the spectator the idea that the missing eye is given in pledge to Mimer, the guardian of the well of wisdom,—and of this I feel incapable, the more so as the missing eye is either the sun or the moon."

The task declined by Thorwaldsen, to some minds, nevertheless, remained attractive; the more national and Scandinavian our politics became, the more some artists were induced to try their strength in that direction. M. Stein, a young man of considerable ability, a few years ago, made a great effort, the subject chosen being Loke and Sigyn. Loke, the divinity vacillating between the gods and their enemies, after playing the Asa-gods many tricks, at length committed a great crime against them; and though assuming various shapes to baffle their persecutions, was caught at last and condemned to a horrible punishment. Four mountain-rocks were laid on him, one on each leg, and one on each arm, and over his head was suspended a serpent, dropping its poison down upon him. In this position Loke is abandoned by all save his wife Sigyn, who, unable to deliver him, holds up a vessel to intercept the dropping poison; but when the cup is full, she must turn away to empty it; and now Loke, exposed to the poison, is seized with convulsions, and these convulsions produce the earthquake. M. Stein, undertaking to master the subject, exhibited his work, and we all agreed that there were the rocks,

the serpent, a powerful man and a gentle woman; the only thing wanting was the earthquake-producing divinity, or something mysteriously grand and gloomy,—that, if it might not tell the whole tale, would convey to us, at least, an idea related to it. It was something like a Prometheus, but not simple enough—stammering instead of speaking out. If I am not much mistaken, that failure had a deterring effect on artists bent on producing Scandinavian sculpture, whilst a Swedish painter, M. Winge, during his sojourn at Rome, in 1863, in an excellent picture, proved the same subject to be far more adapted for his art. Opinions, however, may still be divided, or may have been divided until the 5th of May, when the above-mentioned English Correspondent, on leaving Copenhagen for Elsinore, cut short the discussion and decided in favour of Odin, Loke, Sigyn, &c., by the declaration that Thorwaldsen was a man who could have created Scandinavian sculpture, but who has petrified that of Greece and Italy. I have no doubt that in future our sculptors, instigated by such authority, will produce Scandinavian works, but, as the impulse is due to a countryman of yours, I hope you will purchase them.

Meanwhile, fortunately, it is not an exclusively Danish question, but is a matter of interest to all to whom Art is something more than a pastime or a topic of drawing-room conversation, whether Thorwaldsen deserves the name of a "petrifier" or not. At first sight, it might appear as if his great name sufficed, like armour, to protect him from such arrows. It may be said, if somebody were to represent Wellington as having lost the battle of Waterloo, who would care? Well, M. Thiers has tried so to arrange the narrative of that battle as to make it appear that Napoleon did not, at least, quite lose it, and, without the intervention of English historians, who knows what might be the final result, with time and French care? A deceased artist, especially a sculptor, is in a still less favourable position among the contending schools and systems of our time. Unable to rival him in true creative power, some of the younger generation feel themselves capable of surpassing him in novelty of invention, and give out the watchword that he is old-fashioned, superseded, left behind by the progress of mankind. Left in lonely majesty to the admiration of those very few born with a keen sense of beauty, and to whom an opinion emitted on matters of Art is a question of conscience, he becomes to the public at large a myth,—a hollow name floating in the air,—and stands in need of the written or printed word to recall him into reality. Only as far back as 1862, at the world's fair in South Kensington, Thorwaldsen's "Shepherd Boy," for instance, might have been seen. To what nation did that boy belong? To none, and to all; to everything through which our kind struggles towards ideality. By the spectator it was felt that although the Shepherd Boy was reposing, he was not tired; although nude, he was not in need of garments; although a shepherd, he was, at the same time, a prince, carrying to the mind of the spectator, as it were, a remembrance of Paradise, or an idea of future glory to which the human race aspires. By imparting such sweet, ennobling sensations, Art takes her proper place within the precincts of Religion, and the artist becomes something more than a "petrifier" or stone-worker. At the same time, his wonderful 'Mercury playing Argus to Sleep' was exhibited; and his 'Night,—the soothing divinity gliding through the air, with two sleeping children in her arms, conveying to us the idea of sweet Mercy reigning in the expanse, when the sun has left us,—his 'Day,' strewing roses and gladness, his 'Cupid-Vender,' &c., are now, through a noble Danish means of industry, becoming distributed in the form of medallions of biscuit-china among many households at home and abroad, where, it is to be hoped, they do not enter without awakening gratitude to him who created them. I claim not the slightest share of that gratitude for Denmark; you may admire Thorwaldsen without pledging yourselves to send your Channel fleet to the Baltic. If he was, as he wished to be, a true sculptor, a pupil of the Greeks, he belongs to you as much as to us, and by the simple, ideal

beauty of his works, he may save you from falling into admiration of a workmanship producing marble lace, or flirting with marble-veiled female heads, or sensual Odalises exhibited in a case illuminated through coloured glass.

Our claim on Thorwaldsen is best justified by the fact of our remaining faithful to his simplicity in sculpture as well as in other branches of Art,—the drama especially. Even the Germans, unable to produce, hitherto, a national drama themselves, profess their admiration of Holberg, Oehlenschläger, Heiberg, &c. To my surprise, your countryman complains of our having "bored him with heavy dramas"; for some of us, who know the theatres, and really see their performances, feel disposed to complain in the opposite direction, of a certain flimsiness being introduced of late, of farces and other light pieces gaining the ascendancy over the serious drama. But the very war, with its stern calls upon us, may help to re-temper, to harden the spirit of our public, and to restore the vigour of our national drama. A nation is often less injured by death raging on the battle-field, than by the luxurious life of peace. M. GOLDSCHMIDT.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE annual Return to an order of the House of Commons made by the British Museum gives us the sole account of the progress and recent acquisitions of that institution. From that just issued we learn that the cost of the establishment for the current year will be, in round numbers, 96,400*l.*, against 94,900*l.* for that which is past,—of this, 47,400*l.* is for salaries, 3,000*l.* for house expenses, —and 70,300*l.* for purchases, 2,200*l.* for the same, special. Bookbinding and preparing for the Zoological, Geological, Mineralogical and Botanical Departments cost 10,500*l.*; of this handsome sum, 7,000*l.* is for binding printed books, 1,000*l.* for MSS. Printing costs 2,200*l.*; buildings, furniture, &c., 11,000*l.* From the above total deduct 4,200*l.* derived from funds in hand, and we have the estimate of sums required from Parliament, 92,100*l.* The number of visitors in 1863 to the general collections was 441,000 (against 895,000 in 1862); there were 108,000 readers' visits (against 122,500 in 1862). Total number of visits, 554,700 (against 1,024,000).

The Reports of heads of departments present many points of interest. The progress of cataloguing counts by tens of thousands of entries in the Printed Book Department and that of the MSS.: 14,000 printed books have been bound, 1,700 repaired, and 1,300 maps have been mounted. Readers average 372 a day, each using, on an average, 11 volumes. The additions to the Library were 36,300; of which 28,220 were purchased, 6,500 acquired by copyright. The number of parts of volumes obtained is 39,700, including 652 by international copyright treaties; 28,200 were purchased. 1,650 maps, charts and plans, in more than 5,000 sheets, and 3,600 pieces of music were acquired, besides nearly 1,000 works. Nearly 324,000 stamps have been placed on these articles. The total number of articles received was 107,800.

The activity of the Department of MSS. has kept pace with that of Printed Books. The Index to the Catalogues of Additions for 1846 and 1847 has been printed, and will shortly be published. The Catalogue of Additional MSS. for 1855 is completed, and minor catalogues advanced. Groups of subjects have been collected, re-arranged, numbered and registered. 461 MSS. and 114 charters and rolls have been added to the General Collection. Among the most valuable additions are a Cartulary of the Abbey of Peterborough, dated 1396-1438,—the Bundbuch, or Acts of the Swabian League, 1480-1495,—a volume of State Papers, 1527 to the end of Henry the Eighth's reign, including many from the King and Cromwell to Gardiner, while Ambassador to France,—an autograph letter of Ariosto to Zardino, 1522,—a large collection of MSS. belonging to Oliver St. John, among them a copy of his speech in defence of Hampden, 1637,—three Coptic Papyri relating to the Monastery of St. Pheebammon, Hermonthis.

In the Department of Oriental, British and Medieval Antiquities and Ethnology, important

changes have been made in the exhibition and arrangements. Examinations have been made of many valuable examples. Fac-similes of 90 Phœnician, Carthaginian, and of 42 Hymyaritic inscriptions have been published, with explanatory letter-press by Mr. Vaux. A large collection of lake-antiquities from Switzerland has been placed in a table-case in the British Room. 875 additions have been made, including—Egyptian: a funeral ritual on papyrus in the Hieratic character,—and a bronze figure of Isis. Assyrian and Babylonian: two stones from Babylon, similar to the "Caillon Michaud" at Paris; on one of these is a figure of an early Babylonian king and an inscription relating to the purchase of a field, date probably the twelfth century B.C.—two stones from Kurkh, with bas-reliefs of kings and inscriptions on every side; one of these is dated 860 B.C. Phœnician and Early Oriental: four gems of the former class, inscribed,—a large intaglio of a king in the Parthian head-dress, with a name not in the lists. Early Christian: the important collection of glass from the Roman Catacombs, formerly belonging to Count Matarozzi, comprising seventeen specimens, remarkable for their subjects and preservation; among the subjects are:—Moses striking the Rock, Daniel and the Dragon, the Seven-branched Candlestick, heads of Christ, figures of SS. Peter, Paul, &c.: named portraits, of which the most remarkable is dedicated to the Acherontine Hercules. By means of this addition the collection has become inferior only to that of the Vatican. British and Medieval: Wrought flints imbedded in stalgmite, and associated with wrought and unwrought reindeer bones, from a cave at Les Eyzies, Dordogne, proving the existence of barbarous men while the deer must have been common in that district,—a collection of Lake Stone Antiquities from Switzerland, and a series of those of the Bronze period,—three Celtic iron celts from Hallstatt,—148 bronze weapons, implements and ornaments from the Thames and Ireland, transferred from the Museum of Economic Geology,—three fragments of gold from the treasure found at Mountfield,—querns from the Cheviot,—a bronze from the Thames,—two Roman altars, found in pulling down the church at Bisleigh, Gloucester,—a very remarkable bronze Byzantine weight, with figures and letters inlaid with copper and silver, and other articles too numerous to mention. Ethnographical: a stone celt from Paramaribo,—Terra-cotta figures, and a human head, artificially shrunk to be worn as a trophy, "of great rarity," from Ecuador,—a brass standard of the King of Oude, in the form of a hand, with numerous figures and inscriptions.

The acquisitions of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities comprise: a large terra-cotta coffin from Camirus, painted with heads, animals, and flowers in brown and crimson on a pale ground, the ornaments probably derived from Phœnician sources,—a Panathenaic amphora and other vases from the same place,—a naked, male, colossal torso, from Elea, school of Pergamus, Macedonian period,—a Hydria, painted in red and white on black,—a collection of Greek vases, terra-cottas, and other antiquities from Gela and Agrigentum, emphatically said to have been presented by Earl Russell, but less emphatically owned to have been discovered by Mr. Dennis, and paid for by John Bull.

The Department of Coins and Medals has acquired 826 articles, of which 195 are Greek, 111 Roman, 513 Medieval and Modern, 7 Oriental. The most remarkable of these are—Greek: a rare didrachm of Thebes; a very rare tetradrachm of Messene; a fine tetradrachm of Chios; very rare tetradrachms of Ialysus and Lindus; and two copper coins of Tyrins, a place hitherto unrepresented in the Museum cabinets; a fine didrachm of Ptolemy the Fifth; and a large number of Ptolemaic coins. Roman: a rare aureus of Eugenius; a solidus of Libius Severus, one of Constantine the First. Medieval and Modern: a rare sequin of Hugo Lubens, G.M. of Malta, 1582-1595; a large gold coin of Sigismund the Third, of Poland; rare silver roubles of Peter the Second and Peter the Third, of Russia.

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Owen writes in Adam's vein. He has, during the year, added to the collection more than 102,500 specimens,—at least his assistants have registered that number, but duplicates are not counted. Room has been made for the exhibition of 5,400 of these. He laments the case of certain classes as to space; the great heating apparatus of the Museum evaporates the alcohol in which some of his charges are preserved; the very vaults are not large enough for his acquisitions. So comprehensive is the Professor's mind, that Pan himself may some day be found under a glass case in his gallery, having been duly cleaned, stuffed, ticketed, and perched on a neatly-varnished stand. Among the 98,800 additions to the zoological collection, are those brought by Capt. Grant and Speke from the Nile sources, and by Drs. Livingstone and Kirk from the Zambesi, those brought by Mr. Lord from the North American boundary, and others from the Mackenzie River, by Mr. Ross. The examples from the Zambesi comprise a proboscidean insectivore, with a dentition like that of a ruminant. The Duke of Northumberland had the finest of his white stags of Alnwick shot, in order to increase the national collection of stuffed creatures. The Nile Expedition furnished a new tortoise and a nondescript Ophidian, and specimens of two new genera of the last. We have two new venomous serpents from Australia; a new species of Boide, from the Pelwies; a collection of reptiles, from North Ceram, containing a new genus of snakes, and a new species of Cyclodus, besides several scarce forms showing a connexion of the Indian and Australian Fauna in that island. 1,200 fishes have been added, including the series of British Salmonidae. A collection of Hungarian freshwater fish. Mr. Johnson has discovered, near Madeira, new forms of deep-sea fishes, types of which are now in the Museum. Of Asiatic fish a collection came from the Lake of Galilee. The second portion of the collection of Dr. Bleeker, mostly unique, has been acquired, together with fishes from the Madras Presidency. The typical collection of Sumatran fishes described by Mungo Park was discovered at a public sale, and bought by the Trustees; likewise the typical specimens of Bennett's 'Fishes of Ceylon.' Consul Petherick has sent beautifully-preserved specimens of fish, from the White Nile, including a number of undescribed genera and species. Siluroids have come from Australia. The Linnean and Entomological Societies have transferred part of their collections to the British Museum, including the Banksian and Kirby Collections.

The Department of Mineralogy gained 670 specimens. A great number of meteorites have been polished, to exhibit their structure. Two cases have been filled with *pseudo-morphous* minerals, a collection of which has been for some time in progress. A catalogue of the Aërolite Collection has been published. Among the acquisitions are: an iron meteorite from Chili; meteoric iron from the Desert of Atacama, and unique fragments from similar articles which fell at Kusiab, India, and the Cape; an enormous block of green, transparent jade, from Irkutsk (cost 375*l.*); fluor spar, in magnificent crystals, from Cornwall and Durham; an almost unique crystal of petalite. The meteorites form by far the most perfect collection in the world, comprising 220 specimens.

The Botanical Department has acquired 500 species of British plants; 126 rare or critical ditto; 67 British Algae, and examples of various descriptions from the Tyrol, Pass of the Simplon, Ceylon, Southern and Tropical Australia, Lizard Island, Tasmania, Sierra Leone, River Zambesi, Cape of Good Hope, Algoa Bay, Madagascar, South Carolina, Panama, Jamaica, Peru, Chili and Canada.

The Department of Prints and Drawings has arranged the engravings of A. Veneziano and M. da Ravenna in three volumes; 373 engravings from Flemish works have been arranged; 1,021 English portraits have been classed; more than 1,000 portraits of persons living in this century have been placed alphabetically preparatory to being classified. A new and much enlarged alphabetical Index has been compiled, containing the names of all the artists by or after whom there are specimens in the several collections.

The general estimate includes 500*l.* for Babylonian excavations, under Col. Kemball; 700*l.* for an antique bronze lamp, found in Paris; 1,000*l.* for a large and important collection of human and animal remains, weapons and implements in bone and flint, from a cavern at Bruniquel, South of France.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Viscount Berry is preparing a work on North and South America, which will narrate the emigrations of the various European nations—Dutch, Spanish, English and French—into America, from the sixteenth century.

Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, of the Fusilier Guards, is engaged in preparing a history of the present American war; bringing down the events to the autumn of 1863.

Mr. Warren De La Rue, President of the Royal Astronomical Society, has issued cards for an evening reception at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, June 11.

The Forty-first Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society will take place on Monday, the 30th instant.

The Princess of Wales will be present at the splendid Fancy Fair, to be held at Orleans House, Twickenham, on Wednesday next. The Fair will continue until Thursday evening; and the proceeds will be given to the French Benevolent Society.

The Painters' Company, justified by their previous success, are preparing a new exhibition of works of Decorative Art in their City Hall, Little Trinity Lane. A private view of the collection will be held on Tuesday, next week.

The Duke of Buccleuch received a large party of Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society on Thursday evening. The gardens were arranged for the purpose; the conservatory and the glazed avenue being laid out as drawing-room and corridor. The assemblage of gay dresses and uniforms in a forest of brilliant flowers was new and enchanting. A few royal and distinguished guests were present. The reception is understood to have been experimental; and it is pretty sure to be followed by other summer evening fêtes of a similar kind. For such parties the Horticultural Gardens are peculiarly well adapted.

A Floral Fête was held on Tuesday last at the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at South Kensington,—with fine weather, a noble collection, and a brilliant company.

The Royal Botanic Society held their early summer show on Saturday last. Besides the natural flowers, which were singularly fine in bloom and perfume, there was an exhibition of artificial flowers—wax, feather, shell, and paper,—many of them of very great beauty; though it is no sign of our good taste to find such things encouraged as works of Art.

An "indignant reader" complains that having been induced by our review of 'Henry Dunbar,' to send for that story, supposing it to be a new work, he finds on turning over its leaves that he has read it before,—that it is in fact an old story with a new name, having first appeared in one of the weekly journals, under the more characteristic title of 'The Outcasts.' It may be so; but no intimation of the fact appears on the title-page or in the Preface. Surely it would be better for an author to guard against the appearance of deception by stating the facts, especially when so serious a change is made as that of a title.

On the other hand, the publishers of 'Henry Dunbar' complain that our criticism was "unfriendly," and that we charged them with unprofessional puffery. Our answer is that we received from those publishers a request to insert in our columns the following modest paragraph as puff preliminary:—

'Henry Dunbar.—The publishers state that the whole of the first edition of this new novel, by the author of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' has been completely exhausted on the first day of publication; and that a second edition is in the press, and will be ready on Monday next. Admirers of Miss Braddon's prolific pen have much cause to rejoice in her popularity, the growth of which is now made more

manifest than ever by the simultaneous issue of her writings in the French, German, and English languages. It is understood that Mr. Mudie and the leading library companies have taken unprecedentedly large numbers of 'Henry Dunbar,' the public inquiry for early copies of which has had no parallel amongst recent works of fiction."

—Some of our indulgent contemporaries inserted the paragraph in their columns, in most cases marked as an advertisement. This sort of puffery is never used by the great houses; and we should think that few readers are likely to be taken in by it. The assertion that "Mr. Mudie and the leading library companies have taken unprecedentedly large numbers" provokes a question. Mr. Mudie was known to have taken 3,000 copies, 2,500 copies, 2,000 copies, of certain novels. Now, an unprecedented number must have been more than 3,000. Had he taken more than 3,000 of 'Henry Dunbar'? Had he taken more than 1,000? Had he taken more than 750? Had he taken more than 500? Let Messrs. Maxwell & Co. answer these queries, if they please. They now add to their former statement, that "the first edition was published on May 10, and was exhausted in one day; the second was ready on the 10th, and was sold out in a week;..... and these editions have severally far exceeded in number the editions of any other novel issued by our firm." Everything depends on what is meant by an edition. The edition of 'Our Mutual Friend' was 40,000 copies; the first edition of 'The Mill on the Floss' was said to be 5,000 copies. But 500 or even 50 copies may be called an edition. The statement that these editions "far exceeded in number the editions of any other novel issued by our firm" tells us nothing. Has "our firm" published any other novel? If it has, and chooses to say how many copies it issued in each edition, the reader can judge for himself. We do not invite Messrs. Maxwell & Co. to take the public into their confidence in these details:—we would prefer that the younger members of the publishing trade should exhibit that perfect decorum before the public which is the habit, as well as the interest, of their more eminent brethren in the craft.

Dr. Seemann has just returned from Venezuela, where he has been exploring the river Tocuyo, and discovered extensive beds of coal closely resembling the best Welsh steam coal. During this tour he has visited La Guaira, Caracas, Porto Cabello, and Chichirivichi, returning by way of Curaçao and St. Thomas.

The ribbon of the Legion of Honour has been given for literary reasons to M. Roche, the writer on French Grammar. M. Roche is settled in London, and is well known in literary and artistic circles.

The Prix Bordin in literature has just been awarded, by the French Institute, to M. Taine, for his 'History of English Literature.'

The obituary of last week contains the names of Dr. Normandy, a practical chemist, and a writer of popular books on science. Among other works from his pen may be named 'The Handbook of Chemistry,' 'A Treatise on Agricultural Chemistry,' 'Guide to the Alkalimetric Chest,' 'The Chemical Atlas,' and 'The Dictionary of the Chemical Atlas.' He died on the 10th inst., in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

A large volume has been prepared by Mr. D. K. Clark, on 'The Exhibited Machinery of 1862.' The book, which is copiously illustrated, is dedicated to Mr. William Fairbairn.

Mr. Crestadoro, of Manchester, has issued a Catalogue of the books in the Free Library of that city. More than twenty-six thousand pieces are described in this ample volume,—the arrangement of which is alphabetical. A second series of entries, in smaller type, gives the headings and subjects. The first part seems to be very well done, and if the second is less perfect in result, the present state of the art of classifying books must bear the blame. In other respects, Mr. Crestadoro's volume is satisfactory. The Manchester Free Library seems to be a fair collection.

On Saturday last, Lord Houghton presided at a first public dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, when a large company assembled, and subscriptions to the extent of 1,400*l.* were announced from the chair.

Messrs. Bacon & Co. have published a new Map of London, mounted on a sheet, and folded so as to form a pocket guide. This map shows the postal districts and the railways,—both those completed and those in progress.

Cardinal Wiseman has taken the men of science to task for a disposition, which some of them would stoutly deny, to make the most of any little discovery,—say of a bone in a cave, a flint in the drift, a jar in a well,—which, in their opinion, tells against the literal truth of the Mosaic records in the Pentateuch: "We cannot shut our eyes," says Dr. Wiseman, "to the aim or tendency of modern science, which is to demand, not equality, but supremacy; not a fair balance, but a loaded scale, whenever it seems to come into competition with the claims of revelation. The moment the two seem to contend, in disagreement, for the belief of man, science at once exacts that all else should give way; and, unfortunately, too many yield at once, and surrender at discretion. The stump of a fossil tree, the bones of an extinct animal, a broken skull found in some inexplicable place, but requiring a solution equally from our assailants; nay, a pot-herd, a sea-shell, the piles of a lake-village, the rudiments of stone instruments, all things—anything is heavy enough to turn the scale in favour of what is called reason. And we are ridiculed as fearing or opposed to science, as narrow-minded and hoodwinked bigots, for not at once adopting this confused mass of immature *geognosy*, and sacrificing, in honour of our acceptance, whatsoever has been to us venerable, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely. No, if science, as now read by too many, says true, there was no time when God could have created man; no moment in which He could have impressed on him His own divine image. The human race, according to this version, springs from some scarcely-organized rudiment of matter, which gradually went on, through millions of ages, unfolding its means and powers of life, till, having passed through various brutish improvements, it reached the stage of existence which immediately preceded the human, providing for our inheritance—for the man the matured intelligence, for the woman the ripened graces, of the ape or the baboon. God help us! that many should have allowed themselves to accept such an origin, while a whole host of proofs assigns to us that of revelation, makes men the bonding link between unthinking matter and the breath of God, which made him sentient, reasoning, moral, and imperishable. Nay, which made him Godlike, and almost God."

A proposition has emanated from M. Le Verrier for the establishment of a comprehensive Astronomical and Meteorological Association, the head office of which would be in the Imperial Observatory. The Association, the plan of which has been approved by the Emperor, will be under the direction of M. Le Verrier.

The Mexican Scientific Committee, which was appointed in February last, by the Minister of Public Instruction, has held seven sittings. The Committee has been divided into seven special branches—commerce, medicine, natural philosophy, chemistry, archaeology, public works and manufactures. Instructions have been drawn up, which are expected to yield very valuable results.

All that portion of the Campana Museum acquired by the French Government is now arranged. The principal objects are placed in a hall recently thrown open to the sight of the visitor to the Louvre, when he arrives at the head of the stairs giving access to the collections. The hall is very handsomely decorated, and bears the inscription "Musée Napoléon III."

Among recent demolitions in Paris, is that of the old well-known Morgue. Not that this Musée des Morts has ceased to exist as an institution, for a much larger Morgue has been erected on the island immediately behind Notre Dame. In this new building every arrangement calculated to carry into effect the objects of the establishment has been adopted. In one apartment, lighted in the most effective manner, are twelve slabs of black marble, on which the unfortunate dead are laid; and in another apartment are fourteen similar slabs, destined for bodies that have become so decomposed

that recognition is no longer possible. Bath-rooms are abundantly supplied with water, which falls continuously on the bodies. The clothes appertaining to the latter are suspended in a room, in a very conspicuous manner, and, unless identified, remain exposed for a year.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The THIRTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace. Daily from Nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 150, Pall Mall.—The ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

Mr. SIMPSON'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF INDIA, THIBET, and CASHMERE, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street. Daily from Ten till six o'clock.—Admission, 1s.

Will shortly Close.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—NOW ON VIEW, CROMWELL WITH HIS FAMILY, painted by Charles Lucy.—Open from Ten till Five.

Will shortly Close.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—NOW ON VIEW, Selous's great Picture of THE CRUCIFIXION, 16 feet by 10, containing 300 Figures; the City of Ancient Jerusalem, with its Temple, Palaces and Public Buildings, the Mount of Olives, and the Scenery round about. Mr. John Bowen's Descriptive Lecture at 12, 3, and 4 daily.—Open from Ten till Five.

Will shortly Close.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—NOW ON VIEW, Carl Werner's THIRTY Original DRAWINGS of JERUSALEM, BETHLEHEM, and the HOLY PLACES.—Open from Ten till Five.

ON VIEW, the PICTURE of the MARRIAGE of H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, painted from Actual Settings by Mr. G. H. Thomas, who was present at the Ceremony, by gracious command of Her Majesty the Queen, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street, daily, from Ten till six. Admission, 1s.—The Invitation Cards issued for the Private View may still be made available for free admissions.

the SCANDINAVIAN GALLERY, 7, Haymarket, admission in Aid of the Danish Widows and Orphans of the Fallen Soldiers, IS NOW OPEN, with Original Pictures by the most celebrated Foreign Artists, daily from Ten to Six o'clock.

HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES.—"London Bridge on the Night of the Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales," and "The Afterglow in Egypt," together with Robert B. Martineau's Picture, "The Last Day in the Old Home," are NOW ON VIEW at "The New Gallery," 36, Hanover Street, Regent Street, from Nine till six and from Seven till Ten.—Admission, during the day, 1s.; in the evening, 6d.

LEVASSOR en VITE.—Positively the Last Week.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Scenes et Chansons Comiques.—TUESDAY and THURSDAY MORNING'S NEXT, at Three o'clock, and SATURDAY EVENING, June 4, at Half-past Eight. Positively the Last Representation.—Stalls, 7s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. A few Fauteuils, 10s. 6d., may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—May 23.—*Anniversary Meeting*.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Mr. Markham, Hon. Secretary, read the Report of the Council, detailing the transactions of the Society for the past year, and describing its present state and prospects.—The President presented the Victoria Gold Medal to Capt. Grant, and the Founder's Medal to Baron C. von der Decken.—The Members of the Council of the Society were then chosen by ballot; and on the motion of Sir H. Rawlinson, seconded by Mr. J. Crawford, a rule of the Institution was suspended to enable Sir R. I. Murchison to be again re-elected as its President. The following is the list of officers for the year:—*President*, Sir R. I. Murchison; *Vice-Presidents*, Rear-Admiral R. Collinson, J. Crawford, Esq., Viscount Strangford, and Major-Gen. Sir H. C. Rawlinson; *Trustees*, Lord Houghton and Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart.; *Secretaries*, C. R. Markham, Esq. and L. Oliphant, Esq.; *Foreign Secretary*, T. Hodgkin, Esq., M.D.; *Council*, Right Hon. H. U. Addington, Col. G. Balfour, Vice-Admiral Sir G. Back, T. H. Brooking, Esq., Lord A. S. Churchill, M.P., Lord Colchester, Right Hon. Sir D. Dundas, M.P., The Earl of Donoughmore, J. Ferguson, Esq., A. G. Findlay, Esq., Lieut.-Gen. C. R. Fox, F. Galton, Esq., C. C. Graham, Esq., Rear-Admiral W. H. Hall, W. J. Hamilton, Esq., Sir C. Nicholson, Bart., The

Earl of Sheffield, H. Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows:—Rev. A. Hume, LL.D., G. Patmore, T. Pain, S. Raleigh, and J. McClelland, Esqs.—Mr. P. M. Tait read a paper 'On the Mortality of Eurasians'.—Mr. W. G. Lumley read a paper 'On the Statistics of Roman Catholics in England and Wales.'

STATISTICAL.—May 17.—Mr. J. Heywood, V.P., in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows:—Rev. A. Hume, LL.D., G. Patmore, T. Pain, S. Raleigh, and J. McClelland, Esqs.—Mr. P. M. Tait read a paper 'On the Mortality of Eurasians'.—Mr. W. G. Lumley read a paper 'On the Statistics of Roman Catholics in England and Wales.'

NUMISMATIC.—May 19.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—B. V. Hend, G. Lambert, and A. G. Scott, Esqs. were elected Members.—The Rev. A. Pownall exhibited a large gold medalion of Mary. It is remarkable as giving her the titles of Maria I., and Fidei Defensatrix.—Mr. Evans exhibited an ancient British gold coin, found near Guildford.—Mr. Rolfe exhibited five forgeries of Roman large brass coins of Caligula, Otho, and Vitellius, which had been palmed off on a gentleman, as having been found in digging the foundations for a house in the City. Three genuine coins of Prolus and Maximian were sold with them, as having been found at the same time.—The Rev. H. C. Reichardt, of Cairo, exhibited several rare coins procured by him in Egypt and Syria.—Mr. G. H. Virtue exhibited some bank-notes of the new "Fractional Currency" of the Federal States of America for 5, 10, and 25 cents respectively.—Mr. Grenfell exhibited another note and also two tradesmen's cardboard tickets issued at New York, and representing 1 and 2 cents respectively.—Mr. Vaux exhibited a selection of Oriental coins, from the collection of Col. Tobin Bush, upon which he communicated some remarks.—Mr. Williams communicated a paper 'On Milling, not Marking,' being a reply to a paper by Mr. E. J. Powell in the last *Numismatic Chronicle*.

ZOOLOGICAL.—May 24.—Prof. Huxley in the chair.—Mr. W. H. Flower read a communication on a Lesser Fin Whale (*Balenoptera rostrata*) stranded on the coast of Norfolk, and lately presented to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, by Mr. J. H. Gurney.—Dr. J. E. Gray read a paper 'On the Cetaceous Animals observed in the Seas surrounding the British Islands,' in which he enumerated twenty-eight species as having occurred on the coasts of this country.—Dr. J. E. Gray also read a note on *Urocyclos*, a new genus of terrestrial gastropodous mollusca, discovered on the Zambesi river, by Dr. J. Kirk.—Dr. P. L. Sclater pointed out the character of a new species of Falcon, obtained by the late Dr. Dickinson, of the Central African Mission, on the River Shire, and proposed to be called *Falco Dickinsonii*, in commemoration of its discoverer.—Dr. P. L. Sclater also read a note 'On the Species of American Cuckoo of the genus *Neomorphus*.'—Mr. Leadbeater exhibited some remarkable tusks of an elephant from the East Indies, from the collection of Sir Victor Brooke, Bart.—A communication was read from Mr. Otto Semper, 'On a New Species of Mollusk of the genus *Callia*, belonging to the family Cyclostomatidae, and on a New Species of Vitrina from the Philippine Islands.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Asiatic, 3.—Anniversary. 8½.—Chinese Literature in England, Sir J. Davis.
- Tues. Anthropological, 8.—'Syphilis in a Monkey,' Dr. Fairbank; 'Abnormal Human Skulls,' Dr. Gibb; 'Jaw from Buildwas Abbey,' Mr. Roberts; 'Human Remains from Kent's Hole,'—Ditto from a Brazilian Bone-Cave, Mr. Carter Blake.
- Engineers, 9.—President's Conversations.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Animal Life,' Prof. Marshall.
- Wed. Horticultural.—Great Show.
- Tues. Royal, 4.—Election of Fellows.
- Linnean, 5.
- Antiquaries, 8½.—Election of Fellows.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Music, 1600–1750,' Prof. Hallah.
- Chemical, 8.—'Discrimination of Organic Bodies by their Optical Properties,' Prof. Stokes.
- Fri. Royal Institution, 3.—'Recent Chemical Researches in the Royal Institution.'
- Archæological Institute, 4.
- Philological, 8.—'Shakespeare Notes,' Mr. Jourdain; 'Characteristics of the Southern Dialect of Early English,' Part 3, Mr. Morris.
- Sat. Actuarial, 3.—Annual General.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Falling Stars and Meteorites,' Mr. A. Herschel.

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FINE ARTS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE landscape pictures at this Exhibition are remarkably few. As if to compensate for their small number their quality is unusually high, and some of our best artists contribute two works, their custom being to send but one. We miss scarcely any painter whose productions are of great value except Messrs. Inchbold and W. Davis. It is right to say, nevertheless, that many complaints are made of the rejection of pictures by artists whose least excellent works are accepted, and of the inconsiderate hanging of valuable pictures. Mr. Brett's landscape, No. 569, is an example of the latter order of objections; at least as powerful a one is the very unfortunate position awarded to Mr. C. P. Knight's works, Nos. 533 and 557. Mr. Anthony has a claim to a better place for Nos. 435 and 541. The productions of Messrs. Anthony, Knight, Inchbold, Davis and Brett, although differing greatly in character, represent thought applied to landscape art in a manner against which the Academy seems to have set its face with firmness, such as marks its want of liberality and even of appreciation for that which will force its way. The positions given to Mr. Knight's *Morning Watch* (No. 557) and to Mr. Anthony's pictures scandalize every observer.

Let us take the landscapes in the order they occupy on the walls, massing each artist's works together. Mr. A. J. Lewis's *Near the Wye* (9) represents, with great breadth and love of natural colour, a charming scene. It is thinly painted in some parts.—Although Mr. A. W. Williams's picture, *Golden Acres* (11), is treated in rather a showy manner, there is so much that is truthful in the colour of the ripe corn that clothes a headland lying in the sun, and such force of execution throughout the work that we gladly commend it for those qualities.—Mr. Crewick's *Early Morning in a Welsh Valley* (14) is not only much warmer and more varied in colouring than is usual with that artist, but it has greater variety of texture in the foliage, and is broader in composition than any work we have had from him for years past. *On the Clyde* (34), a rocky river-pass, or trench of stone, through which a stream has worn its way and which is overshadowed by trees, lacks some solidity of execution, but it is bright and strong. *Across the Beck in the North Country* (470), although a fine and bright landscape, has more of the shortcomings of the artist's peculiar manner than either of the above. It may be that it is rather less cold and "neat" in execution than common, but the monotony of surface, "a touchy" method of painting trees and want of solidity in their trunks, so common of old, are here.—Mr. H. Moore's *Whitby Sands, Low Water* (22), showing the wide, far-stretching sands, the high cliffs and higher ridges of the wolds; the time, harvest, and the sky delicately veiled by dropping rain or flying mists,—is a capital picture, although rather thin in painting. Heedful study of nature and thin, sketchy manner may be observed in No. 234, *The Cottager's Cow Pasture*, a sloping meadow with cattle. *The Whortleberry Gatherer* (52), by Miss Redgrave, a bit of ferny ground with a grey and solid line of fern standing behind it, above them a glimpse of bright sky, and between their red stems the rich surface of a sunny meadow, is painted with knowledge and modest power.—Mr. J. R. Lee's *Outside the City—Storm approaching* (80) is a beautiful little work, remarkable for natural colouring; the sky is admirable, the herbage finely treated.—No. 77, *The Sea-Coast, Marsden, Durham*, by Mr. R. Watson,—waves tumbling at the foot of a cliff and over broken rocks, has excellence in its painting of the water and the motion it expresses.—Mr. J. Mogford's *Waterygate Bay* (99), the sea-edge, with wide sands, rugged and lofty cliffs and crisply-falling waves, is not the less excellent because its colour is sober and rather low in key.

Mr. Linnell never painted a finer landscape than that styled *Haymakers* (37),—mowers resting in the heat of the day and on a half-cut meadow; behind them the spreading down, greyish-white

with the ripeness of grass and the glitter of myriads of seed-pods; above is the brightest and softest summer sky; the distance a beautiful champaign country. In some qualities of style this work resembles those of Mulready, but it is not the less Mr. Linnell's own. The same artist sends *A Country Road* (402).—*A Glimpse of the Conway*, by Mr. J. S. Raven (139), a vista of trees opening upon a placid river, with lofty cliffs rising at a little distance from its banks, is, although rather sketchy, cleverly painted.—*Fallen Timber* (166), by Mr. R. Butler, scene in a beech-wood, is solid, but rather dull in colour, and shows fine treatment of soft and plummy foliage.—*Study from Nature* (117), by Mr. A. Burke, is the title of a picture in the French manner, showing trees in a water meadow; it is solid, rich in tone and generally excellent. By the same is a larger landscape, which is badly hung, styled *Knockholt Beeches, from Sevenoaks Hill* (263), a fine and grave work.—*Banks and Braes* (208), by Mr. W. Linnell, a piece of rugged land from whence we look over a woody country, has the foreground solidly and finely painted; the distance and mid-distance are rather coarse and exceedingly painty.—Mr. T. S. Cooper's *Sunshine and Shadow* (211) might as well have been called 'Canterbury Meadows' for all the difference there is between it and many scores of similar works by the same author bearing the latter title. It represents cows reposing in a meadow. This artist sends also, *April Showers* (472), and *March, 1864* (521).—*Flowers*, in a glass vase (212), and 259, the same, by Mr. Fantin, are admirably painted, broad and bright.—Mr. R. Andsell's *Highland Spate, Sheep being rescued from the Rocks* (232), shepherds carrying sheep through a torrent, is painted with great spirit and rather less opacity than is common with the artist. In this respect he has greatly improved of late. See 331, *Spanish Shepherd, Seville in the distance*; 367, *Ronda, Spanish Travellers*—in these there is less colour than Spain shows. In *Lytham Sand-Hills* (513), cows standing on sandy hillocks of a rush-grown "burrow" by the sea, the animals are carefully painted, and an effect of grey veiled atmosphere in the distance is well rendered: this, although it is not difficult of accomplishment, is rarely observed and still more rarely painted.

There is much that is peculiarly grand and nobly picturesque in Mr. E. Edwards's Cornish coast landscapes (195 and 281). The former, *The Lizard, from Kynance*, shows a sandy cove almost inclosed by black rocks; the white-edged sea breaks in front, and afar off it is enriched by purple cloud-shadows; slaty clouds fly fast above. The latter, *Boscastle Harbour*, is still grander and graver; a long gully, like a Norwegian fiord, runs between deep cliffs and high-shouldered hills; a great foreland, like the prow of a ship, breaks the sea, the side of a mighty down leans towards the harbour, and is covered with the richest verdure, such as the west of England can show. There is a little rock-built pier in the harbour, while outside that place of shelter the ocean chafes fiercely in the sunlight. It may be that these pictures lack something of the variety of Nature's colouring, that they are a little too positive, although they are not at all too strong in the colour of the herbage and verdure. If these works are so, they have qualities to compensate for such shortcomings; they are solid, powerful in colour, above all, faithful to nature, and unconventional. The same artist sends *Down to Quay Clovelly* (282), and two admirable etchings, *Paradise, Land's End* (841), and *Garn Kez, Land's End* (847).—A vista of slender beech stems, with spring foliage, styled *Wood Walks, Red Heath, Herts* (244), by Mrs. Oliver, although rather showily painted, is capably drawn, and discriminates the forms of trees with skill.—Mr. B. W. Leader is sometimes untrue to himself, and works in a flimsy, Boddington-like manner. He has never been more just to himself than in adopting the skillful, powerful, and solid treatment and vigorous colour shown in *An English Country Churchyard, Autumn* (316).—Mr. J. W. Oakes paints *The Poachers* (388)—otters fishing in a mountain stream, a heron rising on the wing—with greater feeling for breadth and *chiaroscuro* than is usual in his practice. The water and fore-

ground are finely treated and solid; there is much grandeur, though it is somewhat scenic, in the distant mountains, and in the clouds that gather about or break upon them like waves of the sea.—Mr. Naish's coast picture, *The Last Tack Home* (444), a Devon fishing-boat going into Clovelly, although it is rather hot, as well as thin, in the darker portions and in the shadows, is powerful and brilliant. It is less sordid in execution than earlier pictures by Mr. Naish. It was hardly fair on the part of the hangers to put this work close to Mr. Hook's noble piece of subdued colour, No. 445. It is a very original picture; the figures, a sailor and his son, who look towards the Quay, have capital expression.—Miss Blunden's *Mullion Cove, near the Lizard* (520), is bright, solid, and true.—Mr. J. Brett's *Massa, Bay of Naples* (569), although somewhat mechanical in treatment,—see the rocky headland to the right,—has greater softness of painting (the result of study on the part of the artist) than we remember in his pictures; the grades of atmospheric effect are given with exquisite delicacy. Mr. Brett has actually "modelled," as artists say, the surface of the sea in a marvellously learned and thoughtful study, or rather picture, styled *A North-West Squall in the Mediterranean* (607). This is an exquisite work—a lesson to everybody—not in the form of a diagram, but really a picture of nature, loyally painted, and worth an ocean of pseudo-poetical "artistic" works.—Mr. Henry's *Venice* (313) in colour, aerial effect and knowledge, is, while quite as solid as Canaletti painted, much superior to that master's works: see the fine treatment of the red house to the left, and that of its neighbour, which is built of white stone. The water is admirable.—We have in Mr. Mason's *Return from Ploughing* (253), an example of the work of a true artist. Pathetic, poetically suggestive, and complete in thought, for its execution and its colour, this picture deserves high admiration—it is beautiful in effect.—With this may be classed, although they are widely different in execution and manner, Mr. Anthony's landscapes, *The Silver Spring* (435) and *Looking across the Common* (541).

Mr. C. P. Knight's sea-picture, *The Morning Watch* (557), is splendidly faithful to a beautiful effect; it shows full daylight, freshly risen. The ocean rolls, without breaking, in deep valleys of water, and reflects the glorious colour of the sky, so that it resembles a gigantic pearly shell, enriched with pale azure, green and purple tints. The sky is studded with cirri, that form arches of glowing white, touched by rose colour; night-clouds in great heaps are passing away on the horizon. Brilliant as it is, the sea is full of motion—as is shown by the way in which a ship in the front rolls from side to side like a pendulum, and by the partially-hidden hull of a more distant vessel, which sinks in the hollow of a wave. Equally powerful and quite as truthful is No. 533, *Cravley Rocks, Oxwich Bay*, by the same, a fine coast subject.—Mr. E. W. Cooke's coast and sea paintings are less original and powerful, and even less truly pictures than some of his works. They lack colour, and their solidity is prosaic. No. 12, *Trouville—Fishing Craft off Cape La Hève*, shows the grey-green Channel sea, rain pouring from slaty clouds, and cold blue spots of sky. The craft are "going-about" by a buoy; one lowers her gaff, the other has let the foresail go. The sea is more clearly and less opaquely painted than is common with Mr. Cooke. *Scheveling "Pincks" running to Anchor off Yarmouth* (223), a rougher sea than that in the last, shows craft letting their sails go "by the run," a brig with her top-gallant masts lowered in preparation for heavy weather, and has a motion well expressed in the water-painting. The same artist's representation of a ruined Roman bridge near Tangier (466) may be invaluable as a piece of topography, but it has not many of the qualities of a picture.—The manner of Mr. Lee has much that is common in the works of Mr. Cooke. The pictures of both are rather hard and painty. These characteristics are in excess in No. 242, by the former, *Gibraltar*, looking from the heights behind Algeiras. *A Salmon Cruise on the Ave, Argyleshire* (41), has even less interest than the last, because it lacks the expression of atmo-

spheric effect and vastness which, in some degree, compensates for its pictorial shortcomings. The same may be said of No. 96. *Adrift on the Ocean* (451) is Mr. Lee's best picture here; there is little colour in it, but it expresses space with vigour, and, as well as can be done in a stony manner of painting, presents the undulating surface of the sea in a dead calm. It is interesting to compare this work with that by Mr. C. P. Knight, 'The Morning Watch' (557): the latter is a picture, the former has more of the character of sculpture.—Mr. D. Roberts sends No. 27, *Chapel in the Church at Dixmude*, and *The Mausoleum of Augustus* (232). Mr. Roberts does not weary of those ever-blue skies and eternal buildings, with their outlines in pencil, thin shadows and lights, painted with the immemorial Naples yellow and white. Surely the title of this Roman picture is a mistake. The Castle of St. Angelo is not the mausoleum of Augustus, nor does it stand in the Campus Martius.—Mr. E. Walton's *The Pyramids* (366) is effective and picturesque.—Mr. G. Stanfield's *San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice* (550), shows singular improvement in his manner of execution; it is quite as bright, less hard, and has more colour than before with him; an excellent work.—*Stacking Hay* (616), by Mr. F. G. Reynolds, is a charming little picture, full of good painting.

Among the Architectural Drawings, the following will be found most worthy of notice: *Incised Decoration for St. Peter's, Vauxhall* (773), Mr. J. L. Pearson,—*Charing Cross Hotel* (777), Mr. E. M. Barry,—Mr. Prichard's design for a mansion in Spain (785),—Mr. G. G. Scott's *New Foreign and India Offices, as in the style desired by the Architect* (786), a design which is but slightly truer to Gothic character than the Houses of Parliament, but has grandeur of effect not to be hoped for in the works now in course of erection. The masses are composed with characteristic art; the decorations have meaning and propriety of form, and are very different from the unintelligent series of panellings and pediment-headed windows of the realized design. This is evidently Mr. Scott's protest with regard to the modified work, and, being his diploma design, is likely to be the more effectual.—Mr. R. P. Spier's *Design for the Vestibule and Staircase of a Royal Palace* (789) is grand in its masses, and generally effective: a severe critic might object to the port-hole-like windows forming a clerestory in the coved ceiling; the decorations are ornate.—Mr. G. Sykes's *Designs for Decorations at South Kensington* (813, 814) are elegant and original. One of them is not improved by the picture-like character of the likeness of the Prince Consort. Among the etchings, besides those before mentioned, we may commend the impressive effect given to *Mytton Hall* (835), and *Battersea* (842), by Mr. H. Dean, and the fine handling in *The Springhead* (836), by Mr. Redgrave.—Mr. H. Cole contributes a skilful, but not highly-finished work, *Shera* (846).

In the Sculpture Room is an immense collection of busts, the general character of which is higher than has appeared here in late years. Let us commend Mr. Woolner's *Mr. Combe* (1024), a noble portrait, learnedly and boldly wrought; and *A Medallion of the Rev. G. Palgrave* (1049); both of these are inconsiderately placed. The sound execution of the first, if nothing else, should have won it proper respect.—Another bust deserves careful regard; it is Mr. Weekes's *W. H. Whitbread, Esq.* (900); see also Mr. Davis's *Mrs. F. D. Mocatta* (906) and Mr. Boehm's *C. Newton, Esq.* (1000).—Mr. H. S. Leifchild's grand and finely-wrought statue, *The Task of Erinna* (870), will commend itself to all who understand and care for Art.—Mr. Weekes's statue of *John Hunter* (862) is characteristic, and, in its way, a fine work. But the most attractive group in the Sculpture Room are some studies of English boys at their various games—cricketing, boating, playing football—the models being selected from Westminster, Harrow and Eton. These studies, which are by Mr. Durham, are full of youth, life and grace.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Many water-colour painters of good standing have resolved to organize an Exhibition, wherein works by men who are not members

of existing Societies can be brought before the public. When the objections to the display of oil and water-colour pictures together are considered, and it is admitted that the Academy receives only a few dozens of the latter class, while the British Artists' Gallery is out of favour, and the Society as well as the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours exhibit exclusively the works of their own members, and that the Gallery of the British Institution is open to pictures in oil only, the value of the new scheme is recognizable. The British Institution is, in effect, ruined; it might, however, under proper management, yet be of service to young painters, for whose benefit it was originally founded, if it would give attention to water-colour art. There is little hope for this, and none are surprised that the class in question prefers to help itself. Among the artists who support the plan are Messrs. W. W. Fenn, A. J. Lewis, W. Millais, H. Moore, A. Moore, E. J. Poynter, S. Solomon, and A. J. Stark. It is not contemplated to form a new society, but simply a new exhibition, to comprise original works in all methods and materials, except oil paintings. The Exhibition will open in February next, and close in May. Messrs. W. Severn and G. L. Hall are the Honorary Secretaries.

The Crystal Palace Picture Gallery displays to the public, this day (Saturday), a noteworthy improvement in its general character, by the addition of a large number of modern pictures, the property of Mr. Price, of York Terrace, Regent's Park, who lends them, for exhibition only. Among the works are several which have not been before exhibited. The collection comprises paintings by Mr. E. M. and Mrs. Ward, Messrs. Ansell, T. S. Cooper, Lambinet, Plassan, T. Creswick, Duverger, J. E. Millais, F. Danby, J. Linnell, C. Stanfield, F. Goodall, T. P. Frith, J. Phillip, T. Faed, E. Frère, A. Elmore, J. C. Hook, Sir E. Landseer, and Mlle. K. Bonheur.

On Tuesday last the new East Court of the South Kensington Museum was opened to the public, having arranged in its cases the largest collection of embroideries in the world; this was purchased from Dr. Bock, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and is in course of examination by Canon Rock, the most competent authority on the subject. The walls of the court are decorated with tapestries of various dates and classes of manufacture. Specimens of ancient furniture are included in its contents; on the staircase are Verrio's copies from Raphael's Cartoons. The windows of the court, and of the parts adjacent, are filled with more than one hundred examples of stained glass, sent in pursuance of invitations from the Department of Art to the best-known manufacturers in the country. Many of these examples are of considerable dimensions, and the whole completely represents the state of that art which, more than others, has developed of late. The character, number, and value of these works will surprise most persons, and astonish those who are unaware of the progress of the art amongst us. Another day we shall treat them at length.

We give the following as requested:—

"14, Winchester-street, Pimlico, May 21.

"As Mr. Bowler, one of the Government Art-inspectors, in his evidence on the 12th instant, before the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into Schools of Art, mentioned my name, amongst others 'who have been trained in our schools of Art, have obtained profitable employment as teachers and draughtsmen, and some have turned their skill to considerable advantage in teaching in private schools,' will you have the kindness to allow me, through the medium of the *Athenæum*, as it is of great importance to myself, to refute the above statement (which may have arisen through my having obtained the Department of Science and Art certificate), and to state that I am indebted to the Royal Academy and elsewhere for my Art education, but decidedly not to any Government School of Art.—I am, &c.,

"RAYMOND TUCKER."

Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods sold, on the 16th and 17th inst., the remaining works of the late William Hunt. These comprised a very large number of small and generally unimportant sketches and drawings made at all periods of the artist's life,

some hundreds having been executed during his residence at Hastings. We give, without regard to price, the titles, sums obtained, and the purchasers' names of the most valuable items. Sketches in chalk: Two Female Heads, 2 guineas (E. White).—Coal Brig, Hastings Beach, pencil, 16s. (Galloway).—Boats and Figures, Hastings, 6l. 15s. (Rowbotham). Water-colour Drawings: Portico of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (1808), lately exhibited at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, 17 gs. (Clark).—Bushey Churchyard, Herts, with the tombs of Hearne, Eridge (water-colour painters) and Alexander, son of Dr. Munro; the lithographed drawing; Dr. Munro erected all these tombs, 5 gs. (Chance).—A Gentleman in a Court Dress, 3l. 16s. 6d. (White).—Aldenharn Churchyard, 5l. 15s. (same).—Cottages and Boats at Oxford, 4l. 8s. (Lyons).—The Mishap, 46 gs. (E. White).—Black and White Grapes, and a Basket, 80 gs. (same).—The Bedroom at Hardwick, 30 gs. (Colnaghi).—The Ante-room, Cashibury, 15l. 10s. (Isaac).—An Old Font, 1l. 10s. (Banner).—The Miller at Cashibury, 16l. 5s. (Lyons).—Rocks at Hastings, lately exhibited, 6l. 10s. (Crofts).—Old London Bridge, lately exhibited, 34l. 13s. (Agnew).—Southwark and Blackfriars Bridges, from the Thames, 30l. 9s. (same).—A Negro's Head, 64l. (Vokins).—A Valiant Knight, boy standing near a group of Armour, 89l. (Agnew).—Study of a Pollard, near a Pond, 73l. 10s. (E. White).—Farmyard, with Figures, Bramley, 89l. 5s. (Lyons). Total sum realized, 2,337l. 7s.

The same auctioneers sold, on the 21st instant, some pictures, the property of the late Mr. J. Duncuft, Mr. C. Maud, and others. The most important items, their prices, and purchasers' names, were as follows: Mr. J. Sant, *The Fleur-de-Lys*, 110l. 5s. (Earle).—F. Stone, *The Siesta*, 126l. (Agnew). Drawings: Mr. F. Goodall, *A Fête Champêtre*, 50 guineas (Marshland).—Mr. E. Duncan, *The Shrimpers*, 55l. 13s. (Tooth).—Mr. Topham, *Devotion*, 56l. 14s. (Agnew).—W. Hunt, *Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage at Hastings*, 241l. 10s. (same).—Mr. D. Roberts, *The Golden Tower, Seville*, 61l. 19s. (Wallis).—Entrance to a Town in Spain, 80l. 17s. (same).—G. Barrett, *Classical Landscape*, 48l. 6s. (Wallis).—D. Cox, *Shepherd driving Sheep*, 70l. 7s. (same).—Mr. L. Haghe, *Attack on the Town-hall at Ghent*, 90l. 6s. (same).—W. Müller, *Interior of an Eastern Bazaar*, 73l. 10s. (same).—C. Fielding, *Brighton Downs*, 76l. 13s. (same).—Mr. E. Duncan, *Winter Scene*, 65l. 2s. (E. White). Pictures: Mr. F. Goodall, *Irish Courtship*, 472l. 2s. (Kelk).—Girl with a Milk-pail, entering a shed, 85l. (Gilbert).—Mr. T. S. Cooper, *Cattle at Pasture*, 156l. 9s. (G. Earle).—Mr. P. T. Poole, *Imogen and Pisanio*, 210l. (T. Earle). Drawings: Turner, *Moon rising over Snowdon*, circa 1806, 451l. 10s. (Holloway).—Easby Abbey, c. 1813, at the International Exhibition, 814l. 10s. (Colnaghi).—The Abbey Pool, c. 1806, 357l. (Holloway).—Mr. S. Palmer, *A Grand Pastoral Landscape*, recently exhibited, 71l. 8s. (Agnew).—S. Prout, *Como*, 147l. (Grundy).—Abbeville, 404l. (Vokins).—C. Fielding, *Coast Scene, sunset*, 210l. (same). Pictures: Reynolds, *Portrait of a Lady from the Thomond Collection*, 38l. 17s. (Wallis).—Mr. G. Lance, *Autumn*, 100l. 10s. (Coster).—Mulready, *The old Receiving Houses on the Serpentine, children and a boat*, 1808, 409l. 10s. (Wallis).—J. H. Koekkoek, *Renier Classen defending himself*, 120l. (Brown).—Mr. G. C. Stanfield, *Cathedral and Castle of Limburg*, 99l. 15s. (Curtis).—Nasmyth, *Landscape*, 106l. (G. Earle).

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S 'MORNINGS at the PIANO-FORTE,' ST. JAMES'S HALL, every THURSDAY, at Three, assisted by Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Emily Pitt, Madame Gildard, and Miss Marian Walsh.—Tickets, 2s., 3s., and 5s., at Austin's, 38, Piccadilly.

MR. DEACON'S THIRD AND LAST MATINÉE OF CLASSICAL VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, June 6, commencing at three o'clock.—Instrumentalists: MM. Saindon, Politzier, Webb, Ferze and Descon. Vocalists: Madame Parepa, Madame Saindon-Delle, and Signor Delle Sedie.—Single Tickets, reserved, Half-a-Guinea: a Family Ticket to admit three, One Guinea, to be had of Messrs. Olivier & Co., 19, Old Bond Street; of the principal Music-sellers; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Deacon, 10, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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MUSICAL UNION.—JOACHIM, JAEHL, and DAVIDOFF, TUESDAY, May 31, Half-past Three.—Quintett in D, Mozart; Sonata, Piano and Violin, A minor, Op. 10, Schumann; Quartett, No. 3, in G, Beethoven; Songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann. Vocalist, Madame Meyer-Dittmann. Solos, Chopin, &c. Pianist, Jæhl.—Visitors' Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Crumer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Ollivier; Austin, at St. James's Hall; and Ashdown & Parry.

J. ELLA, Director, 18, Hanover Square.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—MISS MACIRONE has the honour to announce that her SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at the above Rooms on TUESDAY, June 7, to commence at Eight o'clock. Miss Macirone will be assisted for the first time in public. Conductor, Mr. George Russell.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Family Unreserved Seats, to admit four, 10s. 6d. May be had of Messrs. Addison; Ollivier; J. Campbell; Keith & Prowse; and at Miss Macirone's Residence, 5, Park Village West, Regent's Park.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—'Faust.'—The new cast of this most popular of modern operas was presented on Thursday week; when Signor Mario took the hero's part, and Mdlle. Lucca that of Margaret. Such a Faust has not been seen or heard before. The miracle of the play (without strain or hyperbole, be it said) might have been wrought in the renewed personal youth of the artist, whose appearance was exquisitely picturesque—a figure that had walked out of some old German picture. The music suits his voice to a wish; and this granted, who need be told of the effect produced by him?—though at his first performance he was, as usual, irrelative, if not sometimes incorrect. There is no such love-music as the garden duett, and no singer of love-music to be compared with Signor Mario. Mdlle. Lucca contented her public as Margaret more than she did ourselves. Her voice, no doubt, is excellent; not so her method. She acts busily, but with a certain want of refinement alien to the character. So willing a Margaret has hardly been seen. Her "accost" of Faust at their first meeting was little short of a challenge, with many a touch too bold of the *vivandière* in it. Her agitation in the cathedral scene was better; but her whole performance was more dashing and restless than innocent, maidenly and pathetic: she is no Margaret, in short, to make us forget Madame Miolan-Carvalho. M. Faure, like all real, thoughtful artists, improves from season to season. It is impossible to imagine a better *Mephistopheles*. The opera, in short, may run as long as the management pleases; for, often and again as it has been already played here, it would actually seem as if we were only beginning to enjoy the music, though we hear it whistled in the streets and ground into our souls by every imaginable instrument of musical torture. So much for the resistless might of truth in expression! The perfection with which this is exhibited in 'Faust,' would of itself place M. Gounod (had he not the delicious orchestral skill he commands), among those few writers of stage-music at the head of whom stands the master who wrote 'Orpheus,' and 'Iphigenia,' and 'Armida.'

CONCERTS.—We must of necessity postpone, till another occasion, examination of the new music produced by Mr. Francesco Berger, at the concert given by him, as usual, in conjunction with Miss Lucselles:—enough, for the moment, to record its success.—The instrumental portion of Herr Pauer's Concert was full of interest, comprising many of that excellent Professor's own compositions; some brilliant transcripts and *fantasias* introduced for the first time; and his sterling Pianoforte Quintett, the *adagio* of which alone, a beautiful and expressive movement, is sufficient to stamp its writer as one of the most sterling men before the public. He was playing very finely; and it was no light matter to play by heart Schubert's monster *Fantasia* (Op. 15), in which 'The Wanderer' is imbedded,—a composition of prodigious difficulty and prolixity, rich in fancy to a wearisome extravagance. He further joined with Mdlle. Bettelheim (who is a much better pianist than singer) in Herr Reinecke's *Impromptu* for two pianofortes, on a theme by Schumann—a clever and effective concert-piece. The young lady has a voluble and steady finger, and a composed grace of manner, anything but cold. We had a new opportunity of admiring the masterly and expressive playing of Herr Lauterbach, in two pieces as far asunder in style as possible:

an *Adagio* by Spohr, and a *Sonata*, with pianoforte, by Sebastian Bach. This gentleman is assuredly one of the most complete artists on the violin who has visited this country for many a long year. His performance, too, is made more agreeable by a certain modest earnestness of manner not to be counterfeited, and bespeaking as much respect for the author in hand as command over string and bow. No welcome can be too warm for a man of such real genius and solid acquirement. We may add, that Herr Lauterbach's playing of chamber-music is as admirable as his concert performances. Thus much is the due of one who came to England only a few weeks ago, absolutely unheralded, save by a few hasty words thrown out in this journal some years ago, yet who has already made an impression here which will not be forgotten. We could not admire the vocal portion of Herr Pauer's concert, carefully as the music was selected from the best German sources. It would be ungracious to enter into details; suffice it to say, that if the art of singing has ever existed in Germany since the singers parted company with the great Italian traditions, it would appear to have perished out, even among those whose place is at the far-famed *Kärntner Thor* Theatre of Vienna. Strenuous cries, without any taste of style or polish of tone or skilful management of the breath, are neither good for German music, German singers, nor English ears. They are, in reality, no more expressive than our gone-by and vicious English style; when to be "sweet"—no matter how much out of time—was the one thing needful.

Since we wrote last on concerts, the *Pianoforte Quartett Association*, consisting of Messrs. Baumer, Carrodus, Baetens and Pettit, have held the second *Matinée* of their third season, with a programme including a Pianoforte Quartett by that too unfairly-forgotten composer, Ferdinand Ries, and another, posthumous one by Hummel, in D, with which we are unacquainted.

The Opera Concerts at the *Crystal Palace* seem to be answering their purpose. A very large audience was congregated this day week to hear Mesdames Lagrura and Nantier-Didié (who sang very well), and Mdlle. Destini (who is less acceptable), Signori Naudin and Attré, and M. Faure. The pianist was Madame Goddard, who plays Thalberg's transcripts of national airs with great power, finish and volubility.

There was much to interest and satisfy the public at Madame Louisa Vinning's Concert. Mr. Benedict's chamber operetta, 'The Bride of Song,' must expressly be singled out as one of the most charming works of a skilled writer, who, though not always inspired, has given to England many songs that will live, and to the orchestral stores of Europe more than one excellent overture—the prelude to 'The Minnesingers' to be expressly recollected. This time Mr. Benedict has been more than usually fortunate in the text he has had to set. The story—of a romantic music-mad girl, who falls in love with an anonymous composer, and very nearly marries the wrong man, in a prosaic, honest dragon, on whom the music which has won her has been fathered by mistake,—is a quaint trifle. Its writer, Mr. Farnie (whose name is strange to us), shows a right sense of what verse for music should be, inasmuch as he has laid out his work with those varieties of rhythm which tempt a composer. He can be comical, as in the trio, 'News,' without being vulgar. When he is fanciful, he is neater in his language than most of the fraternity, and his sentiment does not degenerate into namby-pamby. The music is throughout well made; some of it will become popular. The trio, 'We waited late,' is especially good. Then, the music was very well sung by Mesdames Louisa Vinning and Laura Baxter, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Patey. The latter gentleman merits no common praise as one of the most finished singers, sayers and actors of operatic music on our stage. His voice has gained in volume, and his style in breadth, since we met him last. A new and young bass singer from the provinces, Mr. Wroe, was heard at this concert, with a fine tuneable voice, and method and polish to learn; also, a new tenor, fresh from Italy, Mr. Brewster Wylie—of whom we must speak on some future occasion.

The return of Herr Joachim to Monday's *Popular Concert* drew an enormous audience, and excited the sensation due to the re-appearance of one of the most favoured of England's favourite foreign artists. We are sometimes exaggerated in our constancy (not, however, in the present case), but it is surely a less grave fault than the ungenial, ungrateful caprice which artists once idolized by their subjects too often have to face in foreign countries. Herr Joachim led the third Beethoven Razumoffsky Quartett with a reading not to be exceeded for warmth, intelligence, and accent without affectation; and, besides, played one of the *solo* Preludes and Fugues of Bach, which he was the first to present and popularize in this country. Miss Banks was the singer; as usual, pleasing her audience by her delicately sweet voice and natural style. Why not to these add the crowning charm and refinement of a clear articulation? Too often, the words of what she sings are only to be gathered from the concert-book. Her songs were Glinka's 'Lullaby,' and the graceful pastoral, 'Heureux petit berger,' from 'Mireille,'—the music of which opera, by the way, is coming already into request. The work itself is in preparation at Her Majesty's Theatre.

LYCEUM.—On Saturday 'Hamlet,' with new scenery and appointments, under Mr. Fechter's immediate direction, was reproduced, and with such advantages as must attract towards it public attention. The beauty of the scenes, which are painted in Mr. Telbin's best manner, and also most elaborately set, and the gorgeousness no less than the appropriateness of the costumes, would of themselves justify the utmost approbation. But we recognize a higher aim than is implied by such a class of arrangements, justly due as they are to the greatest dramatic poet not only of our country but of the world. Pictorial illustrations, gratifying as they may be to the sight, are far from exhausting the interpretation of which the poet's meaning is capable. It is to the acting art that we ought naturally to look for the most powerful exponents of his genius and his works. That attention had been solicitedly paid to this was evident from the care with which every actor delivered himself of his portion of the text. This laudable ambition to establish a claim as Shakspearian performers is of good omen, and promises well for Mr. Fechter's future management. We may select for especial commendation, Mr. J. G. Shore as *Horatio*, Mr. J. Brougham as *Polonius*, and Mr. Emery as *Claudius*. The last was capitally acted; indeed, we have never seen it better supported. Mr. G. Jordan's ponderous elocution fits him for the speeches of *The Ghost*, but he is in error, inasmuch as he imparts too powerful an emphasis to various passages which ought to be left to make their own impression—to be, in fact, merely intoned, as proceeding from a supernatural visitor, whose appearance and voice alone are sufficient to give weight to his communications. On Mr. Fechter's *Hamlet* we have but little to add to our former criticisms. He has decidedly improved in his pronunciation of our language, but is inclined to surmount many difficulties by a rapid delivery where we think a more measured declamation would be more suitable to the occasion. Moreover, he has been long out of practice in the delivery of the blank verse, and did not always sustain it with the requisite force. Frequently at the end of the sentence he dropped his voice, and we lost the concluding words. Mr. Fechter acted throughout as an artist who was intent on giving a correct rendering of his author. He had formed a theory of Hamlet's character, and determined on as adequate a development of it as he could command. He recognizes in the character that of a scholarly and meditative prince, whose habits of thought naturally induce an appearance of melancholy, and whose grief for his father's death is really profound. He simulates madness in order the better to carry out his mission of revenge, but in that respect and others refines too much in regard to the means by which his dreadful task is to be accomplished. One of Mr. Fechter's best scenes was that with *Ophelia*. It was both judiciously and elaborately executed. Commencing

in perfect confidence, he gradually gives way to suspicion, and perceiving the king and his minister to be listeners, rises into indignation. Nevertheless, his love struggles to appear, and ever and anon he yields to tenderness which he suppresses with difficulty. Feeling at last that the case is hopeless, he surrenders the misguided Ophelia to her inevitable destiny; and his recommendation that she should "go to a nunnery" is not pronounced in scorn, but as the best advice, sad as it is, which he can give to the disconsolate maiden. Mr. Fechter owed, on his first appearance in Hamlet, his success to his admirable delivery of the soliloquy at the end of the second act, and we are happy to say that he is still great in the situation. We should do considerable injustice if we omitted to notice with more than common favour Miss Kate Terry's performance of Ophelia. It was marked with exquisite gradations of feeling, and the snatches of song were sung with a delicacy that was perfectly enchanting. Of all the tragedy, the fourth act, owing to her performance, was decidedly the most fascinating, and commanded the loudest and longest plaudits. The more subordinate characters were competently filled. Mr. Widdicombe's *Gravedigger* is a fine and genuine piece of acting, full, indeed, of genius; and we had reason to be pleased with the *Actress* of Miss Henrade, whose performance is replete with promise. Many of the stage arrangements are new, and mostly judicious. Among them we may mention the departure of the priest from the grave, before Laertes can deliver the insulting speech which follows his justification of the maimed ceremonials. Altogether we must recognize this performance as a worthy, and in many respects, really beautiful representation of a sublime drama, fitting for the time and honourable alike to the management and the poet.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday last this theatre closed for the season, which has been successful, owing to the judicious management of Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton. The production of 'Manfred,' and of 'The First Part of Henry the Fourth,' indicates its spirit and purport. They have dared to depend on dramatic works of poetic merit, acted with care, and illustrated with skill; and the public response has shown that public taste yet exists for the appreciation of the highest efforts, and can be evoked, if properly appealed to. We understand that the theatre will re-open in September, and that the same system will be persevered in,—that of producing works of literary celebrity, with those stage-appliances which can only be commanded at theatres of great capacity.

PRINCESS'S.—On Tuesday, the romantic drama of 'The Corsican Brothers' was revived by desire of the Prince of Wales. Mr. George Vining sustained the parts of the twin brothers, and Mr. Walter Lacy that of *Château Renard*. The house was well filled, and the performance successful.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Every one will be glad to hear that the new Symphony by that estimable young professor, Mr. J. F. Barnett, will be produced at the last concert of the *Musical Society*.

On the 15th of June there is to be a grand choral festival of five thousand voices at the Crystal Palace, conducted by Mr. Martin. There, too, it is said that Mr. Randegger's operetta will be represented.

Mr. Elliot Galer is giving his operetta entertainment at the St. James's Hall.

Herr Ernst's Concert is postponed till Monday week.

The *début* of Mlle. Sinico, which took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 'La Traviata,' last week, appears, so far as can be judged from the collected testimony of our contemporaries, to be one of no remarkable importance. The opera, at all events, has not been repeated.

'The Oxford' has been first in the field, as usual, with the music of 'Mireille.'

There is no end of new attempts at composition. A *Cantata*, by Mr. McKorkell, written for the opening of the new Town Hall, Northampton, has just been published by Messrs. Cramer & Co.—

'Llewelyn,' the *Cantata* by Mr. John Thomas, which was heard at the Swansea Festival last year, will be performed, for the first time in London, at that gentleman's concert.

We are informed that the title of Mr. Henry Smart's *Cantata*, to be produced at the Birmingham Festival, is 'The Bride of Dunkerron.' The story is taken from an Irish ballad by Crofton Croker, and has been written in its present lyrical form by Mr. Frederick Enoch.

Among other German singers come or coming to London is Signor Fricke, who announces himself as being really Herr Fricke from the Berlin Opera.

It may do good to call attention to a letter in the *Times*, justifiably complaining of the difficulty of access to the Royal Italian Opera. In planning that otherwise magnificent and commodious theatre, too much space within the house was obviously sacrificed for the sake of the fruitless Floral Hall. The corridors are inconveniently narrow, the doors of departure for a large audience too few. These things are made worse by the misuse of the useless Floral Hall for ingress and egress. The extreme present discomfort need only be pointed out, let us hope, to be remedied.

The *Orchestra* acquaints us that Madame Grisi and Signor Mario are going to make yet one more autumnal tour in the provinces, in company with other artists. The lady will sing publicly once in London during the season,—at Signor Ciabatta's concert.

Mention was made last year of an "Album," made up of melodies composed to Russian words, by Madame Viardot. They are before us, published in Moscow, and, also, with the verse translated into German, by Herr Bodenstedt, and prove by much the most frank, natural and attractive music which that most gifted artist has put forth,—music showing everywhere the grace and refinement of the gentler sex, but which no man, at the time present before the public, who writes *Lieder* might disdain to have signed.

Being pressed on every side by the unprecedented claims of the season, we will no longer wait to announce the first volume of an 'Allgemeine Geschichte,' &c., a *Universal History of Music*, by Herr Reissmann (Williams & Norgate).

M. de Lamartine's 'Fior d'Aliza' has been taken in hand as the subject of an opera by M. Victor Massé, which will shortly be produced at the Opéra Comique. The Théâtre Lyrique owes its Government support (*subvention*) to its having undertaken annually to produce an opera, by one of the laureates or prize scholars sent from the Conservatory to Rome, and who has had no work executed at any Parisian theatre. This year, the *libretto*, laid open to competition, is on the story of 'The Bride of Abydos.' The work is to be in three acts; and the Direction pledges itself to the production of the opera which shall be adjudged as best, betwixt the 1st of September and the 30th of December.—'Sylvie,' an operetta, by M. Guiraud, has been represented, with success, at the Opéra Comique.

Perhaps some tourist in France, who cares to examine the state of choral singing in the Provinces (a thing worth looking into), may like to have the following list of dates and places at which Orphonic meetings are to be held,—derived from the *Gazette Musicale*: Beaumont-sur-Oise, June 12; Angers, June 19 and 20; Villejuif, June 19; Limoges, June 26; Amiens, July 23; Nantes, July 10; Pantin, August 7; Vincennes, August 14; Arras, August 23 and 29; Bayonne, August 28 and 29; Dijon, September 10 and 12.

A singing festival, for male voices, will be held at Cologne during the first fortnight of next month.

Yet an additional notice or two of Meyerbeer's works, and the honours paid him, may be gleaned from the closing article of a series by M. Fétis, printed in the *Gazette Musicale*. In the list of his works,—totally unknown in England, probably never published,—will be found two early oratorios, 'God and Nature,' and 'Jephtha,' and much occasional music, as under:—a *Cantata*, for four voices, with chorus, written for the Gutenberg Festival at Mayence, in 1838; 'A Fête at the Court of Ferrara,' a grand *Cantata*, with *tableaux*, for the Court of Berlin in 1843; another, for the

marriage of Prince Charles of Prussia, 'The Bride conducted to her Home,' an eight-voice part-song for the marriage of the Princess Louisa of Prussia; an 'Ode to Rauch, the Sculptor,' for four solo voices, chorus and orchestra, executed in 1851, at the inauguration of the magnificent monument to Frederick the Great, in the *Linden Strasse*; a Festival Hymn, for four voices and chorus, for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the King of Prussia; 'March of the Bavarian Archers,' a grand *Cantata*, to poetry by King Louis of Bavaria, for four voices, chorus of men, and brass instruments, and (somewhat better known) the four Torch-dances, for a military band, which were written for Court-festivals at Berlin. Those (and they are many) who demand that Genius should prove itself as such, especially for stage-compositions, instantaneously, may be reminded that 'Il Crociato,' which brought the master's name before the world, was his *tenth* opera. It is said, in the *Gazette* aforesaid, that Meyerbeer has left precise testamentary instructions as to the production of 'L'Africaine,' and that another complete work exists,—an overture and incidental music to a play by M. Henri Blaze, which will be represented at the Odéon Theatre, but not until 'L'Africaine' has passed.—The theatrical managers in Germany have decided on founding a *Meyerbeer-Stiftung* for the cultivation of promising operatic talent. May this fare better than the *Mendelssohn-Stiftung*, whose non-existence, save in England—thanks to Madame Goldschmidt,—is so discreditable to German constancy and honour for great musicians, when once the same are cold in the grave!

MISCELLANEA

Prizes for Art-Workmen.—The Society of Arts has issued the programme of its second annual series of prizes for Art-Workmanship. This is on a more extended system and scale than that of last year. The prizes are enhanced in value. A new class of premiums for original design is introduced; in this instance, there is a departure from the former arrangement, which was rigidly confined to workmanship *per se*. All the classes are open to female producers, and, for them only, a supplementary set of prizes is offered for paintings on porcelain, decorative paintings and wall-mosaics. Casts, chromo-lithographs, photographs, &c., of the objects presented as models may be obtained of the Secretary of the Society at cost price. Works remain the property of their producers, and will be exhibited in London, and probably elsewhere. Prices of examples are to be communicated to the Secretary. Additional prizes for works of extraordinary merit are offered. Articles intended for competition are to be sent in on or before the 26th of November next. The subjects proposed for competition are—Class A. Carvings in marble, stone or wood of the human figure and of ornament, in six sections: 1. a console attributed to Donatello; 2. a chair-back, late fifteenth-century work; 3. a Gothic corbel; 4. an inkstand or clock-stand, after a design by Holbein; 5. the head of a harp, Louis the Sixteenth period; 6. an Italian picture-frame. Class B. Repoussé work in any metal, comprises the human figure, and ornament. Class C. Hammered work in iron, brass or copper: section 1. the pediment of a gate, German, 1700. Class D. Carving in ivory, two sections: the human figure, and ornament. Class E. Chasing in bronze, two classes: the figure, antique 'Clytie' bust; and ornament, a piece of Goutier work. Class F. Etching and engraving on metal, one section: ornament. These are the most important classes. The series comprises also prizes for works in enamel, porcelain, and decorative painting, inlays in wood, ivory and metal, cameo-cutting, engraving on glass and gems, die-sinking, wall-mosaics, glass-blowing, bookbinding, leather-moulding and embroidery. The works competing for prizes offered for original designs are to be executed in wood-carving: the subjects being the human figure, animals, still-life and foliage. Prizes for best and second-best productions are offered in each class, and they range from 3*l.* to 20*l.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. J. L.—E. L.—J. G.—M. W.—J. A.—T. R.—S. B.—A. R.—H. M. W.—M. E. S.—Veteranus—received.
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